

Tom Clancy's
"P A T R I O T G A M E S"

Screenplay
By
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Director: Phillip Noyce
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FADE IN:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - DAY

Idyllic afternoon on the Chesapeake Bay as we track in upon a shoreline of sandstone cliffs. A DECKHOUSE HOME sits away from the cliff. Thick woods screen out distant neighbors. A TELEPHONE RINGS as we track across the lawn toward the house. An ANSWERING MACHINE turns on - Jack Ryan's voice.

ANSWERING MACHINE (VO)

Hi, this is the Ryans' place. We're in London until the 14th, so leave a message for us or Gunny Breckenridge, who's house-sitting while we're away.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE

Beep! We track across the living room. We find a package - return address *London, England* - by the ANSWERING MACHINE. We HEAR an ENGLISH POLICE SIREN approaching in the distance.

JACK RYAN (VO)

Hey, Gunny. It's Jack. I shipped some Scottish smoked salmon I bought over here, so if it arrives before me, put it in the fridge, thanks. We get home the day after tomorrow. See you then, pal.

INT. LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The passing SIREN is deafening, as CATHY RYAN stands in a sexy nightgown, looking out the terrace at the flickering London skyline. Rain is falling. She slides the glass door shut, snuffing out the ominous siren.

JACK RYAN

is sitting up - pajama bottoms, no shirt - hanging up the telephone, and staring at his beautiful wife.

CATHY

And what's on your one track mind?

RYAN

I tell you what, why don't you come over here, and I'll explain it to you.

With a sassy grin, she turns out the lights, and seductively nuzzles against him. They start kissing, rolling back on the bed - when the door flies open - and adorable 7-year-old SALLY RYAN bursts into the bedroom, diving up onto the bed.

SALLY
Move over, Daddy.

CATHY
Not tonight, Sally. Daddy has some
work to do.

SALLY
(innocently)
With all the lights out?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE GUARD - DAY

Tight on the unflinching professional eyes of a PALACE GUARD wearing his bearskin busby, bayonet fixed to his rifle. He suddenly moves, marching proudly, performing the traditional "Changing of the Guard." We pull back to reveal

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

on a weekday morning. A CROWD OF TOURISTS are watching the age old ceremony. JACK RYAN stands with CATHY, as little SALLY makes funny faces at the guards, anything to make them look at her. She does a HANDSTAND, her dainty skirt falling back over her pantaloons - much to the horror of her mother.

SALLY
Hey, mister, over here!

CATHY
Sally!

Jack scoops up his little girl. He starts tickling the little blonde gremlin, who giggles in delight. Ryan wears a conservative Brooks Brothers 3-piecer. Leather briefcase.

JACK
Don't get in the habit of showing off
your legs to soldiers just yet, Cricket.

SALLY
Why won't they look at me, daddy?

CATHY
They pride themselves on not being
distracted, honey. C'mon, we have to
walk Daddy over to give his lecture.

Sally squirms down, takes her father's hand, as the Ryans stroll along The Mall, down the wide tree-lined street into

ST. JAMES PARK

Morning traffic is heavy. A red doubledecker bus unloads. Black taxis are everywhere, so plentiful as to be invisible. The camera zooms on a taxi idling in the distance.

INT. BLACK TAXI

Series of tight shots: Black gloves are pulled snug over hands. Two ammo clips are duct taped end-to-end. Safety is flipped up on a .9mm Makalov pistol. Collapsible stock on a AK-47 assault rifle is extended. The "taped" ammo clip is locked & loaded. An antitank grenade is loaded into the snout of an AK-74 fitted with a launching assembly.

SEAN (VO)

You mind your bottom, Patty-boy.
Stay close to me.

PATTY-BOY (VO)

You tol' me that, din't you?

SEAN MILLER cradles the grenade launcher. He's homegrown Irish, early-30's, angry eyes. Turns to his young brother, PATTY-BOY, beside him in the backseat, readying the AK-47.

SEAN

So I'm telling you again, ain't I?
This won't be like anything you've
done before, little brother.

Sean ruffles his brother's hair, terse affection, and flips him a black wool ski-mask. They pull the masks over their faces. The driver turns around - KEVIN - cold professional.

KEVIN

Stay awake, lads, here they come.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE - MALL GATE

A ROLLS ROYCE slips innocently out the (east) Mall Gate, into the traffic, and circles past the Queen Victoria Memorial, along The Mall through St. James Park.

The DRIVER and a young ARMY CAPTAIN ride in the front seat, while in the back sits LORD HOLMES, a distinguished-looking, silver-haired man in his 50's. Beside him is the elegant LADY HOLMES, and their small BOY.

ST. JAMES PARK

Ryan and his family walk along The Mall, toward the stone bridge spanning across the lake. Ryan notices an idling TAXI ignore a potential CUSTOMER. Ryan finds this odd.

CATHY

It's been such a lovely trip, but
it will be nice to get back home.

Cathy presses close to her husband, kissing his cheek,
spinning him around, just enough for him to be facing the

ROLLS ROYCE

driving up behind him. Suddenly a BLACK TAXI swerves across
the center line, directly in front of the Rolls, which slams
hard on it's brakes. Full emergency stop. A 2ND BLACK TAXI
screeches up from behind, pinning in the Rolls.

THE 1ST TAXI

doors fly open. TWO GUNMAN step out. The grenade impacts
the Rolls front chassis, exploding with a BOOM! A third
masked GUNMAN hurries out of the rear taxi.

RYAN

arcs his head to the deafening sound. He sees the Rolls
heave up in a cloud of flying metal. Front end torn to
shreds. Flattened front tires drop askew on the blacktop.

RYAN

Get DOWN!

Ryan grabs his daughter, shoving her down to the ground
behind a tree, roughly yanking his wife down beside her.
We HEAR the staccato fury of automatic gunfire.

Ryan sees a gunner crouched low with his AK-47, spraying the
Rolls driver's compartment. The other two wait by the rear,
aiming pistols at the passenger doors. A VIDEOCAMERA pops
up from the limousine's roof, swiveling 360 degrees.

INT. DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT

Helter-skelter VIDEO of the attack on a MONITOR, as gunfire
blows out the windshield across the DRIVER & CAPTAIN. The
mortally wounded driver struggles to reach a RED BUTTON -
finally pushes it - RAISING THE BULLET-PROOF PARTITION sealing
off Lord Holmes, who pulls his family down to the carpet.

EXT. RYAN

A dozen cars have stopped raggedly behind the Rolls, about
50 feet away, shielding his family from the line of fire.

RYAN

Stay here. Don't move!

Ryan darts to his left, his peripheral vision taking in faces of people turning, staring with shock-opened mouths. The Rolls screens the AK gunner from Ryan.

A GUNMAN

has his back to Ryan. Only 50 feet away. Standing at the rear of the Rolls, motioning Holmes to open the limo door.

MILLER

Get out of the car! Now!

The 2ND GUNMAN kneels by the door. Lays out four long STRIPS OF EXPLOSIVE. Each an inch wide. Peeling off the adhesive backs, he applies the strips to the door seams.

RYAN

moves quickly around a stopped car, head down, keeping low, eyes locked on target - the small of the killer's back - Ryan never thinks twice as he SPRINTS ACROSS THE STREET.

Lowering his shoulder, RYAN BLINDSIDES THE GUNMAN with a flying tackle. The pistol squirts from his grip, the hitman pitching forward, hitting his head on the bumper - out cold.

Ryan pops up, grabs the fallen Makalov pistol. He yanks off the terrorist's mask - meets SEAN MILLER. Ryan moves fast, pushing close against the Roll's, watching as the

AK GUNNER

covers the 2ND GUNMAN, who stabs TWO WIRES into an explosive strip, then ROLLS UNDERNEATH THE LIMOUSINE for protection from the blast. He pulls on a pair of ear protector muffs.

RYAN

pops up in a Weaver stance, both hands on his Makalov.

RYAN

Drop it!

The AK Gunner spins to fire. Ryan is ready-- BLAM, BLAM! The gunner falls dead - like a puppet with severed strings.

2ND GUNMAN

touches both wires to a 9 volt battery. BOOM! An explosion BLOWS THE PASSENGER DOOR OFF IT'S HINGES, clattering onto the street. We glimpse Lord Holmes lying prone on the limo floor, shielding the Wife & Son with his body. The gunman

rolls out from underneath the limo. Aims his pistol into the passenger compartment - but suddenly sees

RYAN

circling fast around the Rolls Royce. The 2nd gunman spins. BOTH MEN FIRE AT THE SAME INSTANT. The hitman takes one under the chin, exploding out the back of his head in a wet pink cloud. A slug rips through Ryan's shoulder.

BOTH TAXIS

pull out. Kevin accelerates past Ryan, racing down the road, and veering off at the first sidestreet.

RYAN

gasps for air, his adrenaline fizzling out, on the verge of collapse. He leans against the Rolls. Windshield blasted to fragments. Both the Driver and the Captain lie slumped over the dashboard - a red smear on the glass partition behind them, still intact, protecting the passengers.

Ryan moves to the blown out door, peers into the backseat. Lord Holmes looks up - frozen in fear.

Ryan sees a GUARDSMAN running at him. A POLICE CONSTABLE in pursuit. They run in smart, eyes sweeping the scene, yet never leaving Ryan entirely. The soldier stops 5 feet away, rifle at low-guard, the bayonet pointed at Jack's throat.

Slowly & carefully, Ryan holds the pistol at arm's length. Thumbs the clip-release button, the magazine clattering to the street, twisting it so the guardsman can see it's empty.

RYAN

At ease, Trooper. We have two attackers down. I'm one of the good guys.

No sale. The guardsman's face remains a blank mask. Deadly professional. The bayonet rises up underneath Jack's chin.

SALLY (VO)

Daddy-Daddy-Daddy!

Suddenly Ryan's little girl races past the stalled cars, and wraps both arms around her father's leg.

SALLY

Don't you hurt my daddy!

The guardsman stares in amazement, as Ryan's wife Cathy approaches carefully, speaking with authoritative command.

CATHY
 Soldier - I'm going to treat that wound,
 so put your rifle down - RIGHT NOW!

The police constable arrives, grabbing the guardsman's
 shoulder, who relaxes a notch. More cops run to the scene.

SALLY
 Daddy -- you're all bloody!

The shoulder of Ryan's gray wool suit is turning crimson
 purple. His body starts shaking. Cathy eases him down to
 the pavement. She professionally probes his injury.

CATHY
 Call an ambulance, right now!

CONSTABLE
 (surprising politeness)
 On the way, mum. Why don't you let
 us have a look at that?

CATHY
 I'm a surgeon. Find me a knife!
 (jerks her head toward Sally)
 And get her away from here!

A soldier pulls Sally away, while the constable removes the
 bayonet from the first guardsman's rifle. He hands it to
 Cathy, who promptly cuts away the suit and vest from Ryan's
 pulsating wound. She speaks to him through clenched teeth.

CATHY
 My God, Jack, what were you thinking?

RYAN
 (slipping away)
 I didn't get myself killed -- did I?

Shock overwhelming him, Ryan's vision is blurring, his
 wife's face DISTORTING LIKE A FUNHOUSE MIRROR. Her voice
 deepens, slowing to a baritone. Ryan vaguely sees Sally
 crying out, a soldier pulling her back.

CATHY
 Keep talking to me, baby -- stay with
 me -- you stay here with me, Jack!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - DAY

The AMBULANCE pulls in fast. Rear doors swing open. MEDICS
 scramble out with RYAN. CATHY stays by her husband, holding

up his plasma packs, as Ryan is wheeled inside. A hand-held camera chases after this blazing medical convoy as

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY

they rush Ryan across the corridor, banging through the E.R. DOORS into immediate surgery. A waiting MED TEAM converge on him. An anesthesia mask is fitted to Ryan's bloody face.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SET

CNN correspondent Christian Amanpour does her "standup" from THE MALL crime scene. SECURITY PERSONNEL & FORENSIC TEAMS are buzzing about the roped off area.

AMANPOUR

The feeling here is one of outrage over this unprecedented terrorist attack on the Royal Family. And the eyewitness accounts all agree that Her Majesty's cousin, Lord William Holmes, along with his wife and newborn son, would have most certainly been killed if not for the heroic efforts of John Ryan--

Screen flashes military PHOTO OF RYAN in Marine dress blues.

AMANPOUR

--the American tourist who broke up the assassination attempt. Ryan is still listed in critical condition at an unidentified London hospital. An author and professor at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Ryan is a former Marine officer--

INT. ADMIRAL GREER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CIA headquarters at Langley. Plush, professional. ADMIRAL JAMES GREER watches the TELEVISION newscast. His eyes grim. Executive Assistant MARTY CANTOR snaps off the TV.

CANTOR

Pretty gutsy move.

GREER

That's my boy -- the damn fool.

Cantor shakes his head.

CANTOR

Too bad he resigned after that submarine business, Admiral.

GREER

We don't talk about that, not even in this office.

Properly admonished, Cantor shuts up. Greer sits back, buddha-like.

GREER

He'll be back, Marty.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

RYAN lies in bed, oxy tubes in his nose, encased in a huge upper body cast. A bottle of IV fluid drips into the rubber hose snaking under the sheet, where his arm is tied down.

SIR CHARLES SCOTT enters wearing his surgical greens. CATHY stands beside him, still in street clothes. Ryan tries to speak, but his voice is a cross between a rasp and a croak.

DR. SCOTT

So, you're awake. How are you feeling?

RYAN

Where....

(trouble finding his voice)

...where am I?

DR. SCOTT

You are in the surgical recovery unit of St. Thomas's Hospital. My team and I have been working on you for, oh, the past six hours now, and it would appear that you will probably live.

RYAN

What happened?

DR. SCOTT

(droll)

Apparently, someone shot you.

Ryan attempts a smile.

RYAN

My shoulder -- will it be okay?

DR. SCOTT

The bullet missed the brachial plexus. No serious nerve damage. We have every reason to expect a full recovery.

The doctor fusses with the cast, as Ryan stares up at his wife, who still wears the same clothes from the incident.

DR. SCOTT

Everything seems in order. Very well.
I will leave the two of you together
for five minutes,

(to Ryan)

After that you're to get some rest.

The surgeon exits, nurse in his wake. Cathy stands closer changing from cool professional, to the concerned wife.

RYAN

How's Sally?

CATHY

She's downstairs with a policeman.
I think she's finally asleep.

Ryan looks in her eyes.

RYAN

I'm sorry, Cath.

She shakes her head, incredulous over her fool husband, yet understanding him more than he realizes.

CATHY

You can't help it, can you, cowboy?

Jack tries to reach out, but is foiled by his arm straps. She smiles warmly, lovingly takes his hand in hers.

CATHY

I love you, Jack.

He smiles, squeezes her hand tighter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON PRISON - DAY

Dreary urban fortress in South London.

OWENS (VO)

I asked you a bloody question!

INT. QUESTIONING ROOM

The silence is heavy. A cigarette is rubbed out in a dirty ashtray filled with butts. SEAN MILLER won't say a damn word. Not a peep as he sits across from SERGEANT HIGHLAND - a black Jamaican - and C-13 agents ASHLEY & OWENS. Ashley

is young, calm, impeccably tailored - contrasting with Owens, a craggy heavy-set chain smoker, and mad as hell.

OWENS

This dead eye crap is going to cost
you bloody hell, I shit you not, Miller.
Now I asked you a bloody question!

Miller has eyes that never blink. They bore into you.
Follow you. His private game of mute strength. You never
know what he's thinking. But one thing is certain. This
is a predatory animal. A wolf in a cage.

ASHLEY

Oh, you'll talk, sooner or later, they
always do. We can make you piss on
yourself, lad. Oh yes, that we can.

Sergeant Highland dumps his cigarette butt in the ashtray.
Opens a fresh pack. Tries a different approach.

HIGHLAND

I understand you selected a collection
of Yeats poetry from the library cart.

He offers a cigarette to Miller. No response. Highland
lights his own. Takes his time.

HIGHLAND

So tell me, old boy, you familiar with
his poem *Parnell's Funeral*?

No response, nothing. Just those eyes. Owens pushes out
his chair, and stands, his frustration having boiled over.

OWENS

Very well, we'll see how long you
keep this up, Miller.

Highland motions the prison guards, who roughly manhandle
the Irish terrorist, and drag him away by the elbows.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRELAND COAST - SUNSET

Blackfaced sheep nibble at the shamrock green hillside
overlooking the rugged Atlantic coast of County Kerry.
We pan around to a small fishing village, finding a 17th
century pub built of stone.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Pints of dark ale sit at the tap, waiting for the foam
to subside, before the BARKEEP can keep pouring.

BRIGITTE nurses a pint at the bar. Long amber hair. Large breasts in a cashmere sweater, unbuttoned just enough. Sultry as hell. The young lady keeps smiling at the handsome red-haired, freckled Irishman in the nearby booth.

JIMMY O'REARDON looks up, acknowledges her smile, but is busy talking with KEVIN - the driver from the hit.

KEVIN

Not in God's longest day. He'd never chirp a line, no matter what they did to him. Not Sean Miller, not with his brother lying in a grave.

Kevin trails Jimmy's momentary gaze, sees the tart, and turns back, his face registering mild irritation.

JIMMY

The entire thing, it was lunacy, you've gone too far this time, Kevin. The hit was totally unauthorized. The other brigade commanders, they all demand to know who did it. Be careful, Kevin.

KEVIN

Nobody else knows. Nobody except you, right, Jimmy-boy? Fuck the bloody IRA. The Provos have been waging war for thirty fucking years and gotten us nowhere. We won't stand for another generation growing up under British rule. It's time to end it. And either you're with us or against us, Jimmy-boy.

Turbo-tension. Jimmy knows damn well to say the wrong thing would be a deadly mistake. Kevin studies him carefully.

JIMMY

You know me, Kevin..., I'm with you, of course, it's just..., the Royal Family, good God, Kevin. Can you at least promise it won't happen again?

Kevin considers this, finishes his pint.

KEVIN

I promise, Jimmy-boy. That I do.

They shake hands. Dead serious male bonding. Kevin notices the girl smiling again at Jimmy. He half grins, shakes his head, and stands.

KEVIN
I'll leave you to it then, mate.

Kevin exits the pub, ignoring the girl. Jimmy discretely pulls off his wedding ring. Slips it into his pocket. Gets up, strolls over beside Brigitte, waving his empty mug at the barkeep. He returns her lovely smile.

JIMMY
Might I buy you a pint, darlin'?

BRIGITTE
About time you asked.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

It's a bad moon rising. The rugged coastline is bathed in a pale silvery sheen. The ocean explodes like bombs against the rocks below a stone farmhouse.

THREE SILHOUETTES

appear on the crest of a gentle hill. Irish Republican Army hitman. Gunbarrels peak below their long wool coats.

INT. FARMHOUSE

KEVIN walks from the kitchen to the living room. A bottle of Jamison Whiskey in his hand. Closes the curtains to the bay window. Takes a crystal shot glass from the bureau. Sits in his comfy highback chair. Clicks on the TV with his remote. Music video. Kevin pours a drink.

EXT. IRA HITMEN

approach the house. The horsemen of death. Not saying a word. Their coats open. We see the glint of rifles.

The chair Kevin is sitting in has it's back to the window. The TV splashes flickering colors across the curtains. The silhouette of Kevin gets up, grabs something, and sits back down, vanishing once again behind the highback chair.

One hitman stalks around the back. Another heads for the kitchen door. The third approaches the front entrance.

INT. KEVIN'S LIVING ROOM

Kevin sits calmly loading doublebuck shells into a Bennelli assault SHOTGUN. We watch him fit eight rounds into the chamber. The doorbell CHIMES. Kevin pours another slug of whiskey. Turns the MTV volume up to the max. Super distortion. He gets up. Swallows down his drink.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The Hitman stands outside the door. Innocently. Holding a bottle of Bushmills in one hand. A Makalov PISTOL held tucked behind his back.

HITMAN

Kevin, lad. It's me, Dugan. I dropped by with a bottle of Bushmills.

The front door EXPLODES. The spread pattern from two pumps of the shotgun splinters the wood into a thousand pieces, taking out the Hitman with it.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

We pull back. Onimously wait the outcome of this gunbattle. Another SHOTGUN BLAST IS HEARD. We wait. ANOTHER BLAST. We have no idea what has happened inside. We keep waiting--

--Suddenly Kevin walks out the remains of his front door, carrying a SUITCASE. He never looks back. The terrorist crosses to his BMW parked on the gravel. Climbs in.

INT. BMW

Kevin fires up the engine.

KEVIN

Bushmills is bloody Protestant whiskey.

He drops it into gear. Drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY O'REARDON is getting laid. BRIGITTE is doing her Gypsy Rose Lee routine, with Jimmy under the sheets, up on his elbows, watching as she primes him with her body, long auburn hair falling down over her back.

They fall into bed. Jimmy is raring to go, and Brigitte is hotter than a pistol. Her legs open, and they roll together under the sheets. This girl loves sex, climbing on top, in full command - when suddenly she puts his libido on pause.

BRIGITTE

Wait darling, I forgot, oh damn, where's my purse...

Brigitte rolls off Jimmy, totally natural, getting out of bed, grabbing her purse, and rummaging inside for a condom.

JIMMY

Going to make me use a rubber?

She smiles demurely, standing at the foot of the bed.

JIMMY

But the church says using one of those is a mortal sin, darlin'.

Brigitte suddenly LOSES HER IRISH BURR, and speaks in with a FRENCH ACCENT. She pulls out a .9mm PISTOL.

BRIGITTE

So is this, darlin'.

She fires two rounds, a "double-tap" to the head, straight between his running lights. Professional wet-work. The silencer clipped onto the pistol suppresses the sound.

Brigitte pulls down the bedspread, leaving the naked corpse exposed. The ghastly splash of blood has no effect upon this killer, as she picks up the two spent cartridges.

EXT. CHEAP IRISH HOTEL - NIGHT

A small hotel, perfect for an affair. BRIGITTE walks out, just another whore. A nondescript SEDAN is waiting, lights off, motor running. Probably her pimp.

INT. SEDAN

Brigitte climbs in. Says nothing. KEVIN runs his hand over her legs, and drives away into the night.

KEVIN

We're straight off to London.
I packed us a bag.

She nods easily, kisses his hand.

BRIGITTE

Did you remember my books?

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

RYAN is propped up in bed. His face on a London NEWSPAPER across his lap. British C-13 agents OWENS & ASHLEY - old sourpuss & dapper ladies man - are grilling him.

OWENS

Why on earth would a history professor from the U.S. Naval Academy choose to intervene in a terrorist attack?

CATHY sits beside her husband, looking annoyed.

RYAN

I don't know, I really don't. Training, instinct maybe. One guy had his back to me. I saw a chance and took it.

OWENS

Amazing, Dr. Ryan, at the drop of a hat you performed like our best anti-terrorist agents. You appear quite capable for somebody who never got past his third year in the Marines.

Ryan tries to charm them out of their suspicions.

RYAN

Yeah, sure surprised the hell outta me.

Owens stares hard at Ryan.

CATHY

Gentlemen, it's very early, and I would prefer my husband be resting.

ASHLEY

You're absolutely right, we'll be just a moment longer, Ma'am.

Owens slaps an Interpol mug sheet of Miller on Ryan's lap.

OWENS

Recognize him?

RYAN

He's the one I tackled.

OWENS

Sean Miller. Malignant little sod. Escaped from Maze prison three months ago. He was serving a life sentence for the murder of an armored car driver.

ASHLEY

One of the two men you killed was his baby brother. Patrick Miller. The lad was only seventeen-years-old.

RYAN

(reacting, a beat)

Then it was an IRA hit?

OWENS

Lord Holmes is the Minister of Justice
for Northern Ireland.

RYAN

I didn't think the IRA was dumb enough
to hit a Royal. This will cost them big
money with their American sympathizers.

ASHLEY

Might explain why the IRA has released
a statement disowning the incident.

OWENS

It's them, alright. The Provos learned
to bloody deny the unpopular wet-work
after murdering Earl Mountbatten in '79.

RYAN

This wasn't a murder.

Both agents stare quizzically at Ryan.

RYAN

How much plastique did you find on
that blown door?

ASHLEY

Just enough to take it off the hinges.

RYAN

Think about it. They were trying to
flush him out.

ASHLEY

Exactly, to kill him.

RYAN

If they wanted to kill Lord Holmes,
why didn't they bring more plastique?
It was a kidnapping. Britain would
have no choice but to negotiate for
the return of a Royal.

There is an awkward silence.

RYAN

How come Lord Holmes was driving around
without a security escort?

OWENS

You're awfully inquisitive for a history
professor, Dr. Ryan.

Cathy glares at Owens.

ASHLEY

I think we've taken up enough of your time, sir. Someone will be in to record your formal account, and, unfortunately, we'll need you here until you can testify in court.

CATHY

(concerned)

How long will that take?

ASHLEY

Not long. Not in England. Sean Miller has already been indicted. His trial starts in four weeks.

RYAN

You people don't mess around, do you?

OWENS

That we don't, Dr. Ryan. Good day.

Ashley & Owens WALK OUT. Jack's mind is suddenly racing.

RYAN

No security escort whatsoever - very odd - must have been an unscheduled trip. That means somebody had to tip them off.

CATHY

Get some rest and leave something for the British to sort out.

Jack looks up at her.

RYAN

Just old habit.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIXTON PRISON - MILLER'S CELL - NIGHT

The dead of night. The cell is terribly dark. No windows. Solid iron door. We find SEAN MILLER asleep on his bunk.

Suddenly we HEAR FOOTSTEPS. Heavy boots marching down the ancient cell block. MILLER'S EYES SNAP OPEN. The boots stop outside the door. A heavy church key turns the lock. The door opens. TWO GUARDS in silhouette.

OLD BODYBUILDER GUARD

Last chance, Miller.

Miller swings his legs to the floor. Stares back in mute defiance. The guards realize talk is useless.

YOUNG PSYCHOKILLER GUARD
Still not a bloody peep, eh? Have
it your way, Irish Catholic fuck.

Two hardened PRISONERS file inside Miller's cell.

OLD BODYBUILDER GUARD
These poor blokes have a leaky toilet
in their cell. They're going to stay
with you until we decide to fix it.

With a sadistic chuckle, the bodybuilder guard steps inside, as the younger one remains in the corridor, closing the door behind them. Everything goes black. Our eyes take a moment to adjust as the three men approach the terrorist.

Miller stands. Faces his personal hell on earth with absolutely no fear. His eyes warn them back. But they come anyway. He deflects the first blow with Wolverine rage, fighting dirty, going for their eyes. The young guard screams, holding his face, as Miller rips at his juggler.

But the attackers overwhelm him. Even a killer like Miller could not hope to fend off brutes like these. In moments Miller is down, getting the absolute shit kicked out of him.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - LATER

SERGEANT HIGHLAND runs down the cellblock, outrage in his voice, waving the young GUARD to open Miller's cell.

HIGHLAND
Open it, open it!

The door is opened, Highland barging inside to find MILLER on the floor, GUARD AND PRISONERS stepping away. Highland helps Miller to his feet. His face is beaten to a pulp.

HIGHLAND
Who's responsible for this?

No answer. The guards and prisoners exchange a glance. A prisoner finally steps forward.

PRISONER
We done it, sir. These guards,
they was just pulling us off--

HIGHLAND
 --Bloody hell! Help me get this
 prisoner to the dispensary.

Miller leans weakly on Highland, unable to stand on his own,
 absolutely silent, void of any emotion.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - BURLINGTON ARCADE - DAY

A beautiful WOMAN steps out of a TAXI. Dressed expensive
 chic. We suddenly realize it is BRIGITTE. Entirely new
 look. She walks into the arcade of shops.

COOLEY'S RARE BOOKS - DAY

The shop is pure Dickens. Stuffed to the rafters with
 leather-bound volumes. The shop's proprietor, DENNIS
 COOLEY, is a bald little man - twitchy, weird milquetoast.
 He sits behind an ancient teak desk. No calculators, no
 credit terminals. A few bookish CUSTOMERS browse quietly.

The old silver bell hanging from the doorframe RINGS, as
 BRIGITTE walks in. Mr. Cooley knows her. She speaks in a
 perfect English accent. She is a linguistic chameleon.

BRIGITTE
 Good morning, Mr. Cooley.

COOLEY
 And to you, madam. How's business?

Mr. Cooley gets up, politely shakes her hand. She opens her
 attache case, lifts out a small, badly damaged book.

BRIGITTE
 Fine, thank you. I came upon this
 first edition Dafoe at an estate
 auction. Can your chap restore it?

She passes the book to the Cooley, who feels the ancient
 leather binding, flips through it, reads a page -- then
 stops. Looks back at Brigitte.

COOLEY
 When would you want this, madam?

BRIGITTE
 Soon.

Cooley tenses, hesitant.

COOLEY

I'm not sure..., the binder may have some trouble with this.

Brigitte is not pleased.

BRIGITTE

Is that so?

They stare at each other. Hard. And for the first time we sense that this may not be just some bookseller and customer discussing the repair of a book. Mr. Cooley gets defensive.

COOLEY

I'll see what I can do... He's not a miracle worker, you know.

BRIGITTE

No, obviously, he's not, Mr. Cooley.

Brigitte's angry glare softens to a shrug.

BRIGITTE

The best you can arrange, then. By the way, did I leave my pen here last time?

COOLEY

I believe you did, madam.

Cooley opens a special desk drawer. Pulls out a black MONTBLANC PEN. Hands it to her.

BRIGITTE

Good day, Mr. Cooley.

Brigitte nods, politely, and heads for the door. Dennis Cooley sits down. Watches her go. Taps his finger nervously against the desktop. Keeps tapping...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OLD BAILEY - DAY

It's a grey, blustery day, winds whipping the trees outside London's ancient stone courthouse. A crowd of SPECTATORS hold umbrellas against the drizzling rain as they line up outside the main entrance.

A LIMOUSINE

arrives outside. FOUR C-13 AGENTS step into the drizzle. Open the door for JACK & CATHY RYAN. One arm in a sling, the other around his wife, Jack is escorted inside.

INT. OLD BAILEY ENTRANCE

GUARDS file SPECTATORS through metal detector archways. Briefcases are opened. The Ryans are whisked past the crowd. The camera reveals

BRIGITTE

watching the couple hurried inside. The hitwoman wears a wig. Yet another look. Laura Ashley chic. A guard inspects Brigitte's UMBRELLA. Returns it with a smile as he waves her past. Brigitte looks up at a WALL-MOUNTED SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOLLOWING HER as she goes.

VIDEO MONITER

The image becomes b&w video. Switches to another angle of Brigitte taken from across the room.

INT. SURVEILANCE ROOM

C-13 AGENTS watch the video console. A dozen monitors offer various angles of the entrance, lobby, and courtrooms. The agents see nothing to alarm them.

INT. LOBBY

The Ryans walk through the beautiful ornate courthouse. Brushing through the crowd, they step right past

DENNIS COOLEY

disguised with glasses, a trim mustache, and beard. The milquetoast wears a white panama hat. The camera stays with Cooley as he watches Cathy whisper in Jack's ear, then walk inside the Woman's Restroom. Cooley gazes at

BRIGITTE

now across the lobby - who follows Cathy into the restroom.

JACK RYAN

suspects nothing, as he waits patiently in the lobby, throngs of people buzzing all around him.

INT. WOMAN'S ROOM STALL

BRIGITTE sits in the stall. Rests her UMBRELLA across her lap. She takes her PEN. Unscrews the ink cartridge. Fixes it to the specially designed tip of her umbrella.

INT. OLD BAILEY LOBBY

Ryan waits patiently. Somebody important is approaching, flanked by DPS AGENTS (Diplomatic Protection Service) with earpieces, lapel microphones, open coats suggesting weapons. DPS Chief LONGLEY steps aside to allow GEOFFERY WATKINS - a trim English gentleman - introduce LORD WILLIAM HOLMES.

WATKINS

Doctor Ryan, pardon me, my name is Geoffery Watkins, permanent under-secretary to Lord William Holmes. May I please introduce his Lordship.

Ryan has never met Lord Holmes. The elegant older gentleman holds Ryan's outstretched hand in both of his.

LORD HOLMES

It is my great honor to finally meet you, Dr. Ryan. I am sorry it has taken so long for me to thank you in person.

RYAN

How is Lady Holmes doing?

LORD HOLMES

Better. After the incident my wife was quite disturbed, in shock, I'm afraid. The doctors felt a change of scenery was best.

INT. WOMAN'S ROOM MIRROR

CATHY is freshening up in the mirror. The camera racks focus, revealing BRIGITTE behind her. The hit woman moves close beside her. Starts applying lipstick. She shares a polite smile with Cathy, who finishes up, and exits.

INT. OLD BAILEY

Cathy exits the restroom, joins her husband. We pull back as Jack introduces his wife to Lord Holmes, revealing

KEVIN

as an UNARMED COURT ATTENDANT whose job is opening a LOBBY DOOR used by court personnel. Kevin nods ever-so slightly as Brigitte emerges from the restroom, her umbrella in hand.

LORD HOLMES

kisses Cathy's hand like a classic English gentleman.

LORD HOLMES

The pleasure is mine, Mrs. Ryan. I'm delighted you're here to share in the wonderful news. Her Majesty has decided your husband shall be invested as a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

RYAN

I beg your pardon, your Lordship?

LORD HOLMES

You will henceforth be known as Sir John Ryan. A most special civilian honor, only presented for acts of extraordinary bravery. My congratulations, Sir John. And to you Lady Ryan.

He shakes hands with Ryan, bows politely to Cathy, and walks off with his entourage. Cathy looks at her husband in disbelief -- she grins.

CATHY

You're a knight?

Ryan reacts slightly bewildered by the news.

RYAN

You think they'll give me one of those swords?

INT. OLD BAILEY COURTROOM

A large, richly panelled room, with a gallery above it overflowing with SPECTATORS.

SEAN MILLER

sits in the glassed-in "prisoner's box." Bullet proof. Behind him are a flight of stairs leading directly to the holding cells below. He sits arms crossed, head cocked. His face is healing. Eyes colder than ever. A wicked smile takes shape at one corner of his mouth. He is staring at

JACK RYAN

in the "witness box," being questioned by the defense.

BARRISTER

I think you're wrong, Mr. Ryan. I think you reacted like a hot-headed officer of the United States Marines throughout.

RYAN

I used the force I deemed necessary.

BARRISTER

You raced into a situation which you had no clear understanding of. You attacked my client, whom you never saw fire his weapon, who in fact was simply another pedestrian racing to the rescue.

RYAN

Wearing a wool ski mask?

BARRISTER

(interrupting)

Shot a second man, then coldly gunned down a third without the first thought of trying to disarm him.

RYAN

(with panache)

Disarm him? He was not about to be disarmed, sir.

VIDEO MONITOR

The surveillane camera pans the upstairs gallery, finding DENNIS COOLEY sitting amongst the spectators chuckling at Ryan's remarks. BRIGITTE sits many rows behind Cooley.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

C-13 AGENTS see nothing unusual. Another monitor shows KEVIN standing patiently by his doorway post in the lobby.

INT. COURTROOM

The defense attorney continues badgering the witness.

BARRISTER

But you never tried, did you? Here was your chance to confront and kill a man in true cowboy fashion. Just like Wyatt Earp of your Wild West folklore.

RYAN

I have gone over it again and again for the past four weeks. If I'd had time to think, perhaps I would have done something different. But I'll never know, because I didn't have more time...

(pauses)

I suppose the best thing would be if all this had never happened. But I didn't make it happen, sir-

RYAN

(Ryan points at Miller)

He did.

Miller never blinks. The hint of a smile curls up the corner of his mouth. Ryan exchanges a deadly stare.

ATKINSON

No further questions.

LORD JUSTICE

The witness may step down. Court is adjourned until tomorrow morning.

The courtroom buzzes. Prosecutors standing up, closing briefcases. But Ryan hears nothing - he is in a trance - his every thought sucked into the black hole of Miller's eyes. GUARDS break the trance by whisking Miller away, down the stairway to the holding cells below.

Ryan finally steps down. Cathy hurries to her husband, but is immediately interrupted by a security guard.

GUARD

Excuse me, Mr Ryan, right this way, sir.
As a security measure we'll be taking
you both out through the basement level.

Guards escort them out the courtroom - along with the Lord Justice, deputies, court officials - into the lobby. A court attendant opens the door as they walk past.

INT. OLD BAILEY LOBBY

Brigitte waits in the lobby. Cooley emerges from the spectators gallery - standing at the far end of the lobby. Both waiting for their cue, they start walking upon seeing

THE RYANS

emerge from the courtroom surrounded by a human shield of guards. They head across the lobby toward a door - where KEVIN waits patiently in his court attendant uniform.

BRIGITTE

stalks after Ryan. She holds her umbrella, the deadly tip rising upward, as she nudges through the crowd.

COOLEY

closes in from the opposite direction, getting closer, on an intercept course with

RYAN

who never suspects a damn thing. As the group starts filing through the door, Brigitte walks directly beside Ryan - when out of nowhere - Cooley "accidentally" bumps into Brigitte - who "drops" her umbrella.

The ULA choreography is a BALLET OF DEADLY PRECISION as Kevin politely bends over to PICK UP BRIGITTE'S UMBRELLA - the tip facing him - and as he stands to return it, Kevin innocently thrusts it backward, JABBING THE THIGH of the

LORD JUSTICE

as he is escorted through the doorway. The Judge rubs his leg, but quickly forgets, as lovely Brigitte says thank you, smiles at the Judge, turns, and calmly exits with the crowd.

JACK RYAN

is given no time to think about it, as the guards whisk him

INT. FLIGHT OF STAIRS

down to the basement level. Deputies lead the Lord Justice off in a different direction.

INT. HOLDING CELL CORRIDORS

The guards escort the Ryans through a dungeon of ancient brick corridors. Very narrow. Claustrophobic. Weird acoustics. Suddenly up ahead - coming directly at them - approach GUARDS bringing SEAN MILLER to a holding cell.

Ryan sees him coming. Slows apprehensively. Miller's eyes bore in like lasers. For a moment THEY STAND FACE TO FACE in the narrow corridor. Miller stares at Ryan, swings his eyes over at Cathy, then back to Ryan. Finally he speaks - almost a WHISPER - scary as hell.

MILLER

This war is between us and the Brits.
You stuck your nose in where it didn't
belong, mate. And now you've killed
my baby brother. Bloody proud of
yourself, aren't you?

Jack Ryan refuses to be intimidated. He manages a thin smile. "I can handle you, punk." Ryan wraps his good arm around his wife. Walks past. The prisoner turns, watching him go, never looking away, as Miller is led the other direction.

EXT. OLD BAILEY

Brigitte steps outside, OPENS HER UMBRELLA, walks off in the drizzling rain, immediately anonymous in a sea of umbrellas. She waves down a TAXI. Steps inside. Is driven away.

INT. BASEMENT CAR GARAGE

The Lord Justice is walking slower, disoriented - he stops short, STARTS TO CONVULSE. His guards panic as the old man suffers what appears to be a stroke. He collapses to the cement floor. His hand scratches at his leg as he dies.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALCON'S NEST ROAD - DAY

The Chesapeake Bay shimmers on this perfect day. An airport TAXI drives down Falcon's Nest Road - a dead-end country lane. Past several small farms. Cornstalks in neat rows.

PEREGRINE CLIFF

The taxi drives off. The RYANS stand with their luggage. A big WELCOME HOME SIGN has been strung across the front door. *"Welcome Home, Sir John & Lady Ryan!"*

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM

They walk inside. We HEAR a wild-ass hollaring as GUNNY bounds out of a bedroom to greet them. Master Gunnery Sergeant Breckenridge is buttoning up his Marine uniform. 40-years-old, 220 pounds of muscle, this buzz-cut bruiser speaks with an easy Southern Mississippi drawl.

GUNNY

Hey, welcome home! Was just putting on some fresh tans.

Quick hugs and handshakes. Gunny sweeps Sally up into his arms. She giggles happily, gives him a big smooch.

GUNNY

Howdy, Hot Lips. You miss me?

SALLY

Uncle Gunny, did you make that sign?

GUNNY

Roger that. There's more waiting out on the deck. Fall in, folks.

EXT. RYAN'S DECK

Gunny hurries then to a deck overlooking the Chesapeake. Waiting on a table is DOM PERIGNON on ice and two glasses.

GUNNY

Stand at ease and pass the glasses.
Heads up - fire in the hole!

GUNNY POPS THE CHAMPAGNE. Sails the cork out over the Chesapeake. Fills their glasses to overflowing.

GUNNY

A hero's welcome for Sir John. Bravo
Zulu, pal. Not bad for a civilian.

Gunny pulls a BUDWEISER out of the ice, opens it for himself, clicks a toast, and takes a healthy swig.

GUNNY

Damn shame you busted up your back
3rd year in the Corps. You might've
made a decent officer.

RYAN

With the right Sergeant to bring me
along, right?

GUNNY

They all need that, of course.

Too excited to be home to keep her 7-year-old mind on anything, SALLY dashes off back inside the house.

GUNNY

Whoa, Hot Lips, you hear me say
pip-squeaks were dismissed?

Gunny chases after Sally, who squeals playfully, as she flees from the big goof. Ryan and Cathy are left alone.

CATHY

Here, take mine, that's enough for me.

She dumps her champagne into Jack's glass.

RYAN

Since when? You're not on call at
the hospital already, are you?

Cathy presses close against her husband.

CATHY

I have something to tell you. A surprise. And I wanted to wait for this exact moment to tell you.

RYAN

What -- what is it?

CATHY

(looks deep into his eyes)
I'm pregnant, Jack.

JACK

No -- really?

His eyes beam. Thrilled over the news, Ryan squeezes her tight, starts HOWLING, spinning her around.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Wall to wall bookcases. Pane windows reveal the twinkling panorama of the Chesapeake Bay. Ryan's desk is typical academic. Hot computer, color CRT, peripheral gadgets galore. The TV is on low. "MacNeil-Lehrer Report" on PBS.

SALLY (VO)

Daddy? I've decided mommy should make it a baby brother.

RYAN sits in his highback swivel chair. A lazy moment with sleepy little SALLY curled on his lap. Ready for bed.

SALLY

Somebody who loves to do chores.

Ryan playfully tugs her earlobe.

RYAN

Somebody big and strong to take out the garbage? But nobody takes out the garbage like you do, Cricket.

Sally giggles, rests her head against his chest, closes her eyes. Ryan smiles. Suddenly recognizes an Irishman on MacNeil-Lehrer. PADDY O'NEIL. Ryan reaches for the remote to amp the volume.

MACNEIL (TV)

-affiliate in Boston. Mr O'Neil, why are you visiting America at this time?

The red-faced Irishman smiles at the camera as benignly as Captain Kangaroo. Speaks in a smooth and reasonable voice.

PADDY O'NEIL (TV)

My colleagues and I visit frequently to inform the American public of the brutal and systematic oppression inflicted upon the people of Ireland by the British.

Opposing guest, CHARLES BENNETT from the British Embassy in Washington, thinks this rhetoric is total hogwash.

MR. BENNETT (TV)

Mr. O'Neil is the political front-man for the Provisional Wing of the Irish Republican Army. His mission here is to raise money for terrorism. This source of income was badly damaged by the cowardly attack against the Royal Family in London. And yesterday, an autopsy determined that the Judge at the Sean Miller trial did not die of a stroke, but in fact was murdered, injected with a deadly toxin. Mr. O'Neil's visit here is to persuade Irish-Americans that his organization had no part in these heinous crimes.

MACNEIL (TV)

Mr. O'Neil, how do you respond to that?

PADDY O'NEIL (TV)

If I am a terrorist, then why have I been allowed into your country?

Ryan clicks off the TV set.

RYAN

My God..., what a mess.

Ryan looks down, finds Sally asleep in his lap. He strokes her soft hair. Counts his blessings.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RYAN tucks SALLY into bed. He kisses his daughter on the forehead. Comfy in her warm bed, she opens her tired eyes.

SALLY

Thanks, Daddy.

She reaches up, pulling her dad into a hug.

RYAN

For what, Cricket?

SALLY

For saving mommy and me from
those bad men.

Ryan is touched. He gives her a squeeze, to which she
responds with a squeak, as he lowers her to the pillow.

RYAN

Sweet dreams now, okay?

SALLY

Daddy? Can I have a puppy instead
of a baby brother?

RYAN

You go to sleep, young lady.

Sally obeys. Shuts her peepers. Ryan walks out, finds his
wife CATHY watching in the hallway. Smiling, very touched.
Without saying a word, she embraces him, holding him tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT

Pouring rain. The rear doors of a PRISON VAN are slammed
shut. As the CONSTABLE hurries around to the front seat,
we pull back to reveal FOUR IDENTICAL PRISON VANS ready to
go - each with a DRIVER & CONSTABLE up front riding shotgun.

The main GATE OPENS. The CONVOY OF VANS DEPART THE PRISON,
immediately splitting up, each taking different routes
through the suburban sidestreets of South London.

We follow the third van. TWO CONSTABLES sit inside, looking
out small grates in the rear doors, watching for trouble.

INT. PRISON VAN

SEAN MILLER's hands are handcuffed. BOB HIGHLAND sits with
TWO CONSTABLES babysitting the terrorist.

CONSTABLE #2

Miserable day to take a ferry ride,
'eh Sergeant?

HIGHLAND

Going to be bloody hell.

EXT. LYMINGTON - DAWN

Sheets of cold rain spank the streets. Wind gusts at 35
miles per hour. The PRISON VAN drives through the sleepy
village, approaching the rustic ferry port.

INT. PRISON VAN

Sean Miller's demeanor hadn't changed. Highland speaks to the prisoner, knowing he is really only talking to himself.

HIGHLAND

Yes, indeed Sean, it figures you a reader of Yeats. His poetry seems so appropriate, don't you say, old boy?

Highland leans back, recites from memory.

HIGHLAND

Come, fix upon me that accusing eye,
I thirst for accusation. All that was
sung, all that was said in Ireland is
a lie. Bred in contempt of-

Suddenly MILLER IS FINISHING THE POEM, staring at Highland, speaking with the whiskey grace of a true Irishman.

MILLER

Bred out of contagion of the throng.
Saving the rhyme rats hear before they
die. Leave nothing but the nothings
that belong to this bare soul. Let all
men judge that can. Whether it be an
animal or a man.

Highland is astounded. The other guards watch in amazement.

MILLER

If you fancy filling me ears with your
rendition of Irish poetry, Sergeant, at
least get the words right.

And then Miller speaks no more, closes his eyes, returning to his perpetual silence.

HIGHLAND

I'll be damned.

Suddenly a deafening EXPLOSION IS HEARD - We stay inside the van as it FISHTAILS WILDLY The constables slide off their benches, as the vehicle grinds & rumbles to a SUDDEN HALT.

CONSTABLE #1

Good Christ!

We only HEAR as chaos erupts outside. An AUTOMOBILE HORN starts blaring. The Constables press noses against the grates on the rear doors - looking outside.

We HEAR AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. Men SCREAMING, shrill cries of terror, wounded crying in agony. Highland balls his hands into fists. He finds Miller staring at him. The auto horn stops. DEAD SILENCE. Suddenly the DOOR IS BANGED UPON.

: KEVIN
Open it or we kill him.

Constable #2 presses his nose against the window grate - We glimpse his POV of a gun held against the DRIVER's head.

CONSTABLE #2
But we don't have the bloody key!

BLOOD SPLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE as a GUNSHOT is heard. The constable pulls away from the grate -- SCREAMING in horror. The other constable is instantly on the WALKIE-TALKIE.

CONSTABLE #1
Mobile Four, Lymington, we're under attack, truck disabled, the driver's dead, they're torching the bloody hatch! Send all units! Hurry, dammit, hurry!

Sean Miller slides away from the door, lays flat, covering his ears the best he can despite his handcuffs. Highland realizes it's wise to do the same as - tick, tick, tick -

The DOOR BLOWS OFF IT'S HINGES - catapults into the street. The blast is devastating. Mindblowing decibel overload. The van shakes, smoke filling the interior. Both constables collapse to the floor, ears bleeding, totally disoriented.

FOUR SKI MASKS stand stare in. Weapons trained on them. Kevin FIRES his pistol. Kills both constables. Highland looks up - frozen - as Kevin pulls off his mask.

KEVIN
Hello, Sean. You didn't think we'd forgot you, did you now?

He produces a ring of keys, starts unlocking Sean's keys.

KEVIN
So you are Robert Highland. Sergeant Highland of the famous C-13?

Highland speaks flatly, aware he is about to die.

HIGHLAND
Get on with it and be on your way.

KEVIN
This one's yours, Sean.

Miller takes the handgun offered by Kevin.

HIGHLAND

I should have left you in that cell.

Miller considers it a moment.

MILLER

A quote from Joseph Stalin comes to mind. Gratitude, Mr. Highland... is a disease of dogs.

Miller FIRES. Follows Kevin out into the pouring rain.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

JACK RYAN is sleeping. Tight on his face. Suddenly his EYES OPEN, spooky, as if he heard something. He does-

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF

Spectacular dawn over the Chesapeake Bay. A LIMOUSINE purrs up the driveway. TWO CIA AGENTS hop out and open a rear door. ADMIRAL GREER and MARTY CANTOR exit the black limo.

FRONT PORCH

Ryan swings the door open. Greer smiles.

ADMIRAL GREER

Good morning, Jack. You know Marty Cantor.

CANTOR

Welcome back, Ryan. Damn impressive clinic you put on at the Royal Palace.

They shake hands. Jack's eyes catch CATHY, poised halfway down the stairs in her robe. Ryan looks back to Greer.

ADMIRAL GREER

Something's come up, Jack.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM

Ryan gestures his guests inside, closes the door behind them. Greer smiles at Cathy, who walks down the stairs, uneasy over his untimely visit.

ADMIRAL GREER

Hello, Cathy. Forgive us for disturbing you at this ungodly hour. I understand congratulations are in order.

RYAN

How'd you know?

Greer simply smiles.

CATHY

Thank you, Admiral. But I'm sure you didn't come 'round just to say that.

ADMIRAL GREER

No Cathy, afraid I didn't.

An awkward silence - Cathy realizes this is "company business." She looks at Jack, then heads for the kitchen. The CIA men wait until the door has closed behind her.

CANTOR

There was an incident near a ferry port on the English Channel this morning. The Brits were taking Sean Miller to Albany prison over on the Isle of Wight.

RYAN

He escaped?

ADMIRAL GREER

We wanted you to have it first thing.

Tight on Ryan's reaction.

SALLY (VO)

Daddy...? Who's there?

SALLY walks down the stairs, rubbing her eyes.

RYAN

Just friends, Cricket. Go back upstairs and brush your teeth.

Ryan waits for his daughter to climb out of frame.

RYAN

And what do you suggest I do with it, Admiral?

ADMIRAL GREER

There's never been a terrorist attack on American soil, Jack. These men are professionals. Personal revenge rarely plays into it.

RYAN

But I killed his brother.

Greer pauses, looks at Ryan.

CANTOR

You own a gun, Ryan?

ADMIRAL GREER

(a beat)

Marty, give Jack and me a moment, will you please?

Cantor shakes Ryan's hand again, obediently exits for the limo. Greer leads Jack outside, pausing on the doorstep.

ADMIRAL GREER

I'm damn proud of you, Jack. We miss you back at the shop. You given anymore thought to coming back?

RYAN

(uncomfortable)

I'm committed until the end of the school year, sir. Perhaps I could look over your files on the IRA?

ADMIRAL GREER

I'd more than welcome your analysis on anything we turn. Of course, it would have to be sanitized before you see it.

RYAN

Which means by the time I got it, it wouldn't be worth a damn.

ADMIRAL GREER

Probably not.

(a beat)

I know you've had problems with a lot of the things the agency has had to do. So have I. We've made mistakes. Big ones. But this country needs us, Jack.

RYAN

I don't know if I'm cut out to be a world policeman, sir. It's getting harder to tell who the bad guys are.

RYAN

I've done my duty, sir. That lifestyle nearly killed me. Two years ago I wake up one morning, kiss my family goodbye, tell 'em I'm off to Langley, and the next thing I know I'm in a Soviet attack submarine off the coast of Iceland playing chicken with a goddamn torpedo.

ADMIRAL GREER

You were never on that sub, Jack.

Ryan looks away.

RYAN

The cover stories got hard, Admiral. I like telling my wife about my day when I get home.

Greer looks over at Marty Cantor waiting beside the limo.

ADMIRAL GREER

I'm going to need a new deputy. Marty's leaving me soon. Going into Operations The boy's got an itch for the action.

RYAN

Doesn't look the type.

ADMIRAL GREER

Neither did you.

The Admiral lets his last words burn in - then walks off. Ryan watches him go. Cathy walks up beside her husband.

CATHY

What is it, Jack?

Ryan looks at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - LATER

JACK & CATHY in the distance, talking near the cliff's edge. We can't hear them, but Cathy is stunned by Jack's words. WE MOVE IN on them as

JACK

wraps his arms around her, holding her close from behind, looking into the camera. We see deep concern in her eyes.

RYAN

If it were personal, they would have taken me out instead of that Judge.

CATHY

Admiral Greer, he asked you to come back, didn't he?

RYAN

I told him I like teaching... We'll be okay, Cath.

CUT TO:

EXT. LYMINGTON - TRUCK AMBUSH SITE - DAY

The PRISON TRUCK crashed on the roadside. Front chassis blown up. Driver compartment riddled with gunfire. POLICE forensic teams going over it. OWENS stands in the rain.

OWENS

Four identical vans going to four different ferries. And they still knew! I have to answer for this!

ASHLEY stands beside him, totally drenched.

OWENS

I personally picked the day. Picked the decoy routes. Picked the men - all dead now...

ASHLEY

So far we've got 31 people who knew about the ambush on Lord Holmes and this. Five are dead - even the driver didn't know beforehand. And everyone has a top drawer security clearance.

Owens is deadly solumn.

OWENS

Whoever this traitor is, he'd better pray to God I don't find him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP - DAY

Not much of a camp. We pull past ARAB SOLDIERS standing guard over tin-roofed huts. Toyota Landcruiser in a garage. Satellite dish and multiple antenna arrays. The road is half covered with sand from the last storm. We hear ARAB VOICES barking orders in broken English. We pull to reveal

ARAB SOLDIERS

leading the ULA TERRORISTS through grueling calisthenics in

the sand of a firing range. One motherfucker of a workout in this sun. And SEAN MILLER takes it seriously, clearly outdoing KEVIN & BRIGITTE in intensity. Miller is ferocious, pumping out "Rocky" push-ups, each punctuated with a hand clap - until his WRISTWATCH ALARM BUZZES.

MILLER

The bird's coming up!

Everybody stops, breathing hard, heading back inside.

INT. HUT - LATER

A blackboard lists the schedule of passover times for reconnaissance satellites. SEAN MILLER sits with KEVIN, both exhausted, sweating hard, drinking ice water.

MILLER

Don't be bloody blind, Kevin. This is an opportunity not to be missed.

KEVIN

The Yanks don't take kindly to this sort of thing. If they knick you, they'll fry you up like a chop.

MILLER

But consider the bloody ramifications. The Provisionals go over to proclaim their innocence and--

KEVIN

Yes, I know.... You don't, perhaps, have another motive?

Sean pours water over his head, runs his hands through his hair. Stares at the desert. His voice soft, surreal.

SEAN

'But not a friend that I would bring, this night can set us quarreling, for all that come into mind are dead--

KEVIN

(interrupting)

--Patty-boy died with honor. There's no need for this. There's work to be done in the Counties.

Kevin takes a breath, giving in.

KEVIN

Aye, very well.... But I'm not going in with you, mate.

SEAN
 (holding back anger)
 Is that a fact, now?

BRIGITTE walks into frame, rests her hand sensuously on Kevin's shoulder. Stocky NED CLARK stands behind her.

KEVIN
 It is, indeed -- take Neddie. And
 Brigitte, she'll go. I won't need her
 for the next job.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY - DAY

Young MIDSHIPMEN populate the beautiful campus. Brilliant green lawns stretching along the Severn River.

PARADE GROUNDS

Gunny walks down the double line of MARINES IN DRESS BLUES and white pistol belts. The Gunnery Sergeant's practiced eyes don't miss a thing, as he plucks lint from a private's blouse. His eyes are scolding enough. He bends a Marine forward, inspecting his quarter-inch haircut.

GUNNY
 Can't see that scalp, son.

GATE THREE

Ryan's SAAB TURBO is parked near the guard gate. Ryan locks up, walks toward the gate. On duty is SERGEANT CUMMINGS. He's a young, wiry black athlete. New look of the Marine Corps. He salutes (Lieutenant) Ryan.

SERGEANT CUMMINGS
 How's that shoulder coming, sir?

Ryan weakly returns the salute, nursing his injured wing, no longer in a sling.

RYAN
 Better, tried some jogging yesterday,
 first time since the injury.
 (self-deprecating laugh)
 It wasn't pretty, Sergeant.

SERGEANT CUMMINGS
 Yes, I noticed you -- lucky all the
 midshipmen are trained in CPR, sir.

Ryan mugs a sarcastic grin back at the Sergeant.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly we are watching Ryan from a block away, as he walks off into the beautiful campus.

EXT. KING GEORGE STREET

Reverse angle shows a FORD BRONCO parked up the street.

INT. FORD BRONCO

A painted fingernail taps Gate #3 on a MAP -- as BRIGITTE checks a blueprint of the Academy grounds. Her long hair is up under a baseball cap. NED CLARK sits beside her, as she speaks into a CELLULAR PHONE - in her native French accent.

BRIGITTE

Yes, Gate Three, just like always.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN HOPKINS HOSPITAL - DAY

We follow a screaming red PORSCHE CARRERA 4 -- \$70 grand of yuppie hot rod -- turning into the

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE

The Porsche zips into a space. DR. CATHERINE RYAN steps out, locking it with a click of her beeper. She walks off toward the elevator -- as an

OLDSMOBILE SEDAN

cruises slowly past. It innocently pulls into a parking space within eyeshot of the Porsche. The IRISHMAN behind the wheel kills the engine. He dials a cellular phone.

IRISHMAN

I'm in position.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The circling camera counterpoints the urgency as CATHY RYAN stands scrubbed, prepping for emergency eye surgery, as the 10-year-old ACCIDENT VICTIM is fast being put under.

CATHY

Gloves.

An orderly helps Cathy snap into her surgical gloves, as she hovers over the black boy's face, not encouraged.

CATHY

Must have been a cheap window. Lots of slivers, I count five penetrations. Look how that one's extended into the cornea.

She looks at the circulating nurse.

CATHY

I have a procedure scheduled for one o'clock. Have to bump it. This one's going to take some time.

NURSE

All ready on this side.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Thirty seconds more...

CATHY

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. ACADEMY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Bright-eyed Midi's fill in the audience. RYAN taps at a huge blackboard behind the podium, displaying a chalk diagram of the WWII battle of Midway.

RYAN

Look at the losses in his air groups. Just what kind of damage do you think Admiral Spruance could have inflicted on a superior Japanese fleet? Besides, he had another equally important mission-

A MIDI bolts to his feet.

2ND MIDI

To prevent the invasion of Midway, sir!

RYAN

Exactly. The balance Admiral Spruance struck was a masterpiece of operational expertise. Buck fever is a bad thing in a hunter. In an Admiral commanding a fleet it can be disastrous.

(pauses, looks at his watch)

Okay, that about covers it for today.

Another MIDI stands up, speaks stiffly.

3RD MIDI

Doctor Ryan, I've been asked to make a presentation on behalf of the class.

RYAN

Uh oh...

The midi walks forward, produces a SMALL BOX hidden behind his back. Stands at attention. Reads from a typed sheet.

3RD MIDI

Attention to orders: For service above and beyond the duty of a tourist - even a brainless Marine - the class awards Doctor John Ryan the Order of the Purple Target, in hope that he will duck the next time, lest he become a part of history, rather than a teacher of it.

The midi opens the box, presents Ryan a PURPLE RIBBON attached to a BRASS BULLS-EYE, inscribed with the words - SHOOT ME. The class applauds, converging in on Ryan.

VARIOUS SHOUTS

Way to go, Doc! -- Semper Fi!

RYAN

(geniunely touched)

Thank you, people -- really -- but you still have to take the exam next week.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Post op, CATHY RYAN pulls off her greens, tossing them into the hamper. The anesthesiologist sits exhausted.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

That was some work, doc.

CATHY

Fortunately the dear Lord looks after fools, drunks, and little children. Some of the time, anyway.

Cathy opens her locker, sees herself in the mirror, a total mess after hours of surgery. She makes a face at herself.

CATHY

I need another vacation.

Cathy slides her legs into her pants, and reaches for her blouse, looks at her watch.

CATHY

I'm late, have to pick up Sally -
and we're having friends for dinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVAL ACADEMY - GATE THREE - DAY

Chilly winds are blowing off the Severn River. SERGEANT CUMMINGS stands in the guard booth, watching as an

ELDERLY LADY

walks along the other side of King George Street, not fifty feet away, approaching the entrance of her

APARTMENT BUILDING DOORWAY

She finds NED CLARK in the doorway, keeping out of view. She shifts her shopping bag, while fumbling for keys. The Irishman lowers his closed UMBRELLA. Charming smile.

NED CLARK

Can I help you with that, now?

ELDERLY LADY

Well, you're very kind, thank you.

He politely holds the bag, while she finds her key - all the while KEEPING ONE HAND HIDDEN IN HIS COAT.

NED CLARK

I'm afraid I'm a little early -- waiting to meet my young lady. Terribly sorry if I startled you, ma'am. Just trying to keep out of this wind.

ELDERLY LADY

Why of course, care to wait inside?

NED CLARK

That's very kind indeed, ma'am, but no, I might miss her, and it's a bit of a surprise, you see. Good day to you.

He gives the lady her bag, who smiles, enters the building. Ned's other hand relaxes on the KNIFE in his coat pocket. He pulls it out for a moment. Hides it again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Maryland plates read CR-SRGN. CATHY buckles up inside her PORSCHE. She shifts into reverse, bolts out of her space, drops into first, and zooms down the parking structure.

INT. OLDSMOBILE SEDAN

Watching her speed off, the IRISHMAN speaks calmly into his portable cellular telephone.

IRISHMAN

The target is moving.

EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN

A convenience mart across the street from INDIAN HEAD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. A DARK VAN is parked in the store lot.

INT. DARK VAN

Fingers impatiently tap the dashboard. They snap, as we reveal SEAN MILLER hanging up the cellular phone.

MILLER

About bloody time.

DRIVER

Ryan's kid, she's kinda cute, huh?

Through the windshield, across the street, waits little SALLY outside her elementary school. Miller looks at her, absolutely emotionless, as he unwraps an UZI on his lap.

MILLER

Is she? Yes, well, I suppose she is.

Miller slaps in an ammo-clip, checks the bolt.

MILLER

I wager God is easy on the toddlers.
Sends 'em straight back down for
another go 'round.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVAL ACADEMY - DAY

Headed home, RYAN leisurely approaches Gate Three.

EXT. APARTMENT DOORWAY

NED CLARK is getting edgy, tired of waiting. He shuffles his feet. But suddenly straightens up as-

RYAN

exits Gate Three. TWO MARINES walk a distance ahead of him, bootnecks in their Sunday clothes. Off-duty, joking it up.

NED CLARK

sees Ryan coming. Clark nods to BRIGITTE, waiting farther up King George Street, sitting inside the FORD BRONCO.

RYAN

crosses the street, heading for his Saab Turbo, walking straight into the ambush.

NED CLARK

holds his umbrella ready, waiting for Ryan to step just a little closer, when he HEARS LAUGHING. Two bootnecks coming up from the opposite direction - GUNNY & SERGEANT CUMMINGS - heading for the apartment building.

GUNNY

--so she leans over, and damn if her breast don't fall right out of her dress, and being the Southern gentleman I am, I felt honorbound to replace it.

SERGEANT CUMMINGS

Yeah, I'll bet. So how about those beers, Gunny?

Gunny reaches into his pocket for some keys-

GUNNY

Cold 'n lonely, waiting for us right upstairs in my icebox.

Before Clark knows it - the Marines are right on top of him. The hitman reacts, his hand moving inside his coat - but GUNNY GRABS IT LIKE A VICE. His voice oddly polite.

GUNNY

Excuse me, sir, can I help you?

Clark struggles. Gunny bodyslams him against the bricks, free hand clamping around Clark's throat. His umbrella falls harmlessly to the street. Sergeant Cummings frisks the Irishman, finding the metallic shape of a gun.

SERGEANT CUMMINGS

Gun.

GUNNY

And it had better not go off. Let the man have it, sonny, real careful, like.

Cummings disarms him, next finding the knife. Gunny wrenches the hitman's arm out of the pocket, twisting it

up behind his back, extremely painful.

GUNNY

Okay sonny, we're going to walk through that gate over yonder. If you make any trouble I'm gonna tear this arm off and shove it right up your ass.

Jack Ryan hurries over as

THE FORD BRONCO

races toward them, full speed - BRIGITTE at the wheel, the snout of her UZI pointing dead at them.

RYAN

hears the horsepower first. He looks up as Brigitte's baseball cap FLIES OFF HER HEAD, beautiful long auburn hair spilling out - as flame spits from her submachine gun.

RYAN

GET DOWN!

He runs, lunging airborne at the Marines, smashing them hard against the concrete - as AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE TATTOOS THE DOORWAY; red brick fragmenting over their heads. The Bronco keeps going, tearing off down the street.

Everybody appears okay - except Ned Clark, who slides down the brick wall, HAVING TAKEN ONE IN THE NECK. His life is only a matter of seconds now.

Ryan presses close to the dying hitman, trying to shake one last moment of life back into him.

RYAN

Where is he? Where's Sean Miller?

Blood spilling from his mouth, Ned Clark gives a stupid-ass smile, oddly victorious - until Ryan gets it.

RYAN

Oh my God-

Ryan bolts to his feet, staring at his watch, and starts backpeddling away from the Marines.

RYAN

Cathy's picking up Sally at school!

Ryan runs to his Saab Turbo parked across the street. Gunny wastes no time following after.

GUNNY
Let's shag it, Jack!

INT. SAAB TURBO

They hurry inside the car. Buckle up. Ryan's worst fears flash in his eyes, as he burns rubber, and soars down the street - past the SQUAD OF MARINES running to the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN HEAD ELEMENTARY - DAY

SALLY is at the curb, engaged in some animated dialogue with two little girls her age. Suddenly Mom's PORSCHE pulls into frame, doubleparking in the red. Sally says goodbye to her pals. Climbs into the frontseat.

INT. PORSCHE

Mom's in a hurry.

CATHY
Come on, Sally, we're late. Buckle up.

EXT. PORSCHE

Mom peels out. Zero to sixty in no time. Cathy blazes past a 18-WHEELER laboring uphill toward the highway onramp.

INT. DARK VAN

Parked in the Seven-Eleven, watching the Porsche zoom past, much faster than they expected.

MILLER
Bloody catch her, damn it!

The Driver buckles up.

DRIVER
Watch this.

EXT. DARK VAN

The Driver punches it, the VAN DARTING ONTO THE STREET, CAUSING THE SEMI TO LOCK HIS BRAKES. Truck horn blares.

U.S. ROUTE 50

The Porsche hugs the onramp at 60 m.p.h, gliding smoothly into the westbound highway lanes. She doesn't notice the

TWO UNMARKED CRUISERS

driving in tandem, doing radar-pursuit work. Both cheap body sedans, mono-color paintwork.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-30

Cathy's Porsche whips past them. State Trooper FONTANA clicks the radio microphone.

TROOPER WAVERLY (VO)

Damn! Check this Porsche!

Next the pursuing VAN swerves into the highway's left lane, forcing a Pontiac to jam on his brakes.

TROOPER FONTANA

Another one! Let's tag 'em!

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-19

Trooper Waverly accelerates, pacing behind to verify the Porsche's speed, before hitting the lights & siren.

TROOPER WAVERLY

I got the Porsche.

TROOPER FONTANA (VO)

I saw the blonde, pal -- how come you get all the fun?

INT. SAAB TURBO

Jack keeps HONKING his horn, driving like a MANIAC ALONG SURFACE STREETS. Wild POV as CARS GET OUT OF HIS WAY, so he can speed past. Up ahead is a SIGN - Eastbound Route 50.

EXT. SAAB TURBO

Ryan hits the onramp fullspeed, and soars onto Eastbound Route 50, merging quickly into the fastlane.

U.S. ROUTE 50

Flash Cut to opposite direction - as the Porsche weaves smoothly through westbound traffic. The dark van on her tail, slipping in and out of lanes, pulling closer.

INT. DARK VAN

Miller climbs out of his right-front seat, and goes back to the window on the sliding side door.

UNMARKED CRUISERS

close in, driving virtually in tandem.

INT. PORSCHE

Cathy eases off the pedal, as she plunges into thickening traffic. Sally cranes her neck to look over the dashboard, while playing with her seatbelt.

CATHY

Buckle your seat belt, Sally.

SALLY

Oh, mamma, it's too tight.

CATHY

You heard me, young lady.

INT. VAN

Miller slips the door latch, sliding back the door an inch. A THIRD MAN takes the door, as Miller thumbs the safety on his UZI submachine gun.

INT. PORSCHE

Sally moans, reaches over, and pulls the belt across - but INSTEAD OF BUCKLING IT, SHE TUCKS IT UNDER HER LEG.

CATHY

That's better, baby.

Sally smiles impishly. Cathy smiles back, then notices something out of her left eye - a VAN PULLING UP CLOSE BESIDE, THE SIDEDOOR SLIDING BACK. Vaguely discerns a man kneeling, holding something - SEAN MILLER with an Uzi!

CATHY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, as the windshield blows out across her face.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-19

Waverly sees it go down right before his eyes. A foot-long TONGUE OF FLAME spits from the van.

TROOPER WAVERLY

Holy SHIT!

THE PORSCHE

goes out of control. Swerves right -- left -- too fast, can't hold it, SLAMS INTO THE CONCRETE BARRIER. Black smoke

belches out of the engine. Traffic in both lanes brakes to a panicked halt.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-30

Trooper Fontana punches it, ferocious V-8 acceleration, going after the dark van escaping down the highway - his police siren still silent.

TROOPER FONTANA

J-30, Annapolis, shots fired, automatic weapons fire. I'm westbound Route 50 in pursuit of Blue van, Maryland plates-

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-19

Moving POV looking out the windshield, as a police cruiser pulls up behind the accident. TROOPER WAVERLY grabs his fire extinguisher and runs to the

PORSCHE WRECKAGE

Absolutely totalled. A nauseating implication of what things must look like inside. The Trooper douses the engine flames, quickly checks the passenger compartment.

TROOPER WAVERLY

Uh..., Jesus-

He turns away, knee jerk quick, drops the fire extinguisher, and runs back to the cruiser - grabs the radio microphone.

TROOPER WAVERLY

J-19, Annapolis, call fireboard, officer requests helicopter. We got a bad one!

EXT. ROUTE 50

The chase is on.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER J-30

Fontana is weaving through traffic like a madman.

TROOPER FONTANA

Handicap tags Henry Six-Seven-Seven-Two. Shots fired from this vehicle. Officer definitely needs assistance!

INT. DARK VAN

Fleeing along the highway. Miller is breathing heavily.

You get her?

DRIVER

Miller is nervous, unsure. He looks back at the SMOKE RISING from the now faraway accident scene - suddenly sure.

MILLER

Nobody could walk away from that.

EXT. ROUTE 50

The Van hauls ass down the highway, pursued by the unmarked police cruiser - still no siren. Both cars flash past the

SAAB TURBO

driving opposite direction in the Eastbound lanes, where traffic is slowing abruptly due to the accident up ahead.

INT. SAAB TURBO

GUNNY snaps his head, following the two cars whizzing past in the opposite lanes. RYAN slaps the wheel in frustration over the sudden traffic.

GUNNY

Somebody's hauling ass over there!

But Ryan is suddenly focusing on the smoke rising in the distance. Looks like a car crashed into the divider.

INT. DARK VAN

The REARVIEW MIRROR picks up the monicolor sedan in pursuit. Miller speaks with the urgent cool of a WWII bomber pilot.

MILLER

There's a cop behind us. Fifty yards and closing. I'll pick him up.

Miller moves to handle it.

EXT. ROUTE 50

Trooper Fontana is FOLLOWING TOO CLOSE, when suddenly-

DARK VAN

Rear DOORS FLY OPEN. Miller is crouched, machine gun level, smiling wide - cop killing is always good fun - HE FIRES!

TROOPER FONTANA'S

eyes at the last fateful second as

UNMARKED CRUISER J-30's

front end dips, attempting a panic stop. A front tire blows, catapulting the vehicle sideways, FLIPPING OVER, and spinning along the highway like a boomerang.

DARK VAN

escapes down the crowded highway, vanishing into the river of endless red taillights.

INT. SAAB TURBO

The other direction, traffic slows to gawk at an accident. Jack looks up at a DOLPHIN RESCUE HELICOPTER coming in overhead to land. He suddenly sees Cathy's PORSCHE smashed into the steel divider. Tight on Ryan's eyes.

RYAN

Cathy-

Without a second thought, Jack veers crazily toward the center divider. He doubleparks his Saab Turbo, not giving a shit about blocking off the fastlane.

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE

Jack & Gunny hop the divider, sprinting to the wreckage. PARAMEDICS hurry out of the chopper. Try to pry open the wreckage. Ryan stops short, staring in shock as a paramedic starts a CHAINSAW. Deafening buzz as he begins sawing the victims out of the twisted wreckage.

CUT TO:

EXT. "SHOCK-TRAUMA" - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Code Four. Welcome to Maryland Emergency Medical Services. Blinking blue HELIPAD lights. The DOLPHIN helicopter comes in fast. CRASH TEAMS standing ready. Ryan follows as the victims are moved, wheeled into the waiting open ELEVATOR. A PARAMEDIC rides the gurney, straddling Sally, giving CPR heart massage as she is rolled into surgery.

CUT TO:

INT. "SHOCK-TRAUMA" WAITING ROOM

The terrible wait has Ryan compulsively squeezing his fists. He stands, too nervous to sit, staring at the wall. All alone. POLICE give him some space. WE PULL BACK across the busy floor, PERSONNEL hurrying this way and that. Suddenly

A SURGEON

walks out OR wearing a pink paper gown and strange-looking pink booties. His face is tired and dark. His gown is bloodstained. Name tag reads BARRY SHAPIRO.

DR. SHAPIRO

Mr. Ryan? I'm Barry Shapiro -- I've been working on your daughter.

Ryan waits for it.

DR. SHAPIRO

Okay, your wife is fine. Nasty cut on the head, when the paramedics saw it they brought her here - it bleeds a lot. We ran a complete skull protocol, it's a mild concussion, nothing to worry about.

RYAN

She's pregnant.

DR. SHAPIRO

(smiles)

I know... The baby's alright... That's the good news.

(smile fades)

Sally's a sick little girl. Apparently she wasn't wearing her seatbelt. Severe internal injuries. Another five minutes getting here, she wouldn't have made it this far... Maybe we should sit-

RYAN

C'mon, talk to me, doctor-

Shapiro rubs his hands over his heavily bearded face.

DR. SHAPIRO

Look, she might not make it, there's no telling yet. We're keeping a very close watch on her blood chemistry, and we'll know something in eight, nine hours.

Ryan's face twists into an agonizing mess.

RYAN

Not 'til them?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CATHY lies in a single bed room. Enormous purple bruise on her face. A bandage over half her forehead. Her eyes open, but lifeless, staring at a TV that isn't on.

JACK RYAN walks in, pulls up a chair beside the bed. Takes her hand. Cathy's face turns toward him. Blackened eyes are full of tears. Her voice a whisper.

CATHY

I'm sorry, Jack.

RYAN

What?

CATHY

I knew she was fooling with the seat belt, but I didn't do anything because I was in a hurry--

RYAN

--No, Cathy

CATHY

If only I'd made certain she was strapped in, Sally wouldn't be--

RYAN

--Stop it, Cathy.

Ryan pulls her into his chest. She starts sobbing. We tighten on Jack's eyes - a TEAR trails down his cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. "SHOCK-TRAUMA" ENTRANCE - DAY

Police keep NEWS MEDIA back. Two SEDANS pull up. Camera focuses on the lead sedan's bumper sticker. "Free Ireland - Europe's Last Captive Nation."

INT. LEAD SEDAN

Adjusting his tie is PADDY O'NEIL - the charming IRA spokesman we saw on CNN. He whispers to his IRISH AIDE.

PADDY O'NEIL

I'm sure this Ryan is a reasonable fellow. I'll handle the press.

EXT. "SHOCK-TRAUMA" ENTRANCE

Paddy steps out of the sedan, greeting the press with his nauseating charm, holding a BOUQUET OF ROSES.

PADDY O'NEIL

Greetings, dear friends, the oppressed people of Ireland are outraged over this senseless attack against a decent Irish Catholic family like the Ryans-

INT. "SHOCK TRAUMA" - LOBBY

Aching with despair, JACK RYAN shuffles into the lobby. Finds ADMIRAL GREER waiting for him. The "Old Man" wraps his arm around Ryan's shoulder. Steers him into an alcove.

ADMIRAL GREER

Come home, Jack. I'll give you every tool you need to get this sonofabitch.

Seething, overwhelmed with angst, RYAN NODS YES - tersely, words not necessary to convey his intensity.

NEWS MEDIA start buzzing at Jack's appearance. POLICE do their best to keep them away. Suddenly PADDY O'NEIL is walking forward with his bouquet of roses.

PADDY O'NEIL

(dripping sympathy)

Dr. Ryan, I understand the condition of your child has been upgraded. I hope my prayers had something to do with it-

It takes Ryan a few seconds to recognize the face, and the moment he does, JACK PUNCHES OUT the terrorist. Paddy drops like a stone. Media flash pictures, minicams roll tape.

ADMIRAL GREER

For Christ's sake, Jack!

Using his ample weight, Greer holds Ryan back. An FBI AGENT pushes through the commotion, holding up his FBI star.

FBI AGENT DONOHO

Hold it, FBI! He's with me!

ADMIRAL GREER

I do not believe you're thinking right, mister! Get that terrorist bastard out of here before I kill him myself!

Policemen pick up O'Neil, dragging him outside, kicking out journalists along with him. The terrorist mugs to the cameras, holding his bloody nose.

PADDY O'NEIL

Mr. Ryan is obviously distraught as
any descent family man would be...

Donoho stands embarrassed.

FBI AGENT DONOHO

He wanted to tell you - hell, all the
way down on the plane, he told me how
his outfit had nothing to do with this.
Listen, I'm really sorry, I'll try to
see he doesn't bother you again.

ADMIRAL GREER

You do that, mister.

Donoho hangs his head, walks away. The Admiral turns back
to Ryan, who is coming to his senses again.

ADMIRAL GREER

Whadaya say you and I take ourselves
a little ride, son? Find a quiet spot
where we can talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT MCHENRY - NIGHT

A monstrous "garrison" flag flies over this star-shaped 18th
century fort open to water on three sides. Ice-cold anger
in his eyes, JACK RYAN stares at the Chesapeake. ADMIRAL
GREER beside him. The TOWN CAR is parked a distance beyond.

RYAN

Full clearance?

ADMIRAL GREER

Anything we got, Jack. The President's
put the word out on this one. He wants
'em bad.

Jack turns, gazes at the fort.

RYAN

You know what this place is, Admiral?

ADMIRAL GREER

I know my history, boy. Francis Scott
Key wrote 'The Stars-Spangled Banner'
right out there.

RYAN

This is where we defeated the last
foreign invasion of the United States.

RYAN

(turns back to Greer)
Until now.

Greer wraps a fatherly arm around Ryan.

ADMIRAL GREER
We'll make them sorry they came, son.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST - NORTHERN IRELAND - DAY

An old apartment building on Ballyglass Street. Graffiti reads "End 750 years of British Oppression Now!"

INT. STAIRCASE

Brit C-13 AGENTS climb swiftly, cautiously, MP5 submachine guns, kevlar armour. OWENS & ASHLEY follow behind. Silent, hand gestures only. The TEAM LEADER kneels outside a door. Opens a case. Removes a VIEWING SCOPE. Attaches a coiled bundle of 8mm optic fiber. Inserts the FIBEROPTIC PROBE through the keyhole. He looks into the eyepiece.

INT. IRA BOMBER'S APARTMENT

An inch of optical fiber protrudes into the room. We see his FIBEROPTIC POV - a distorted wide angle view of FOUR MEN sitting at a table, working with their hands. TV playing.

FOUR IRA BOMBERS

meticulously assemble wires, small blocks, timers - HOMEMADE BOMBS. One stops. Looks at the front door. Which suddenly FLIES OFF IT'S HINGES, slapping against the carpet. AGENTS stampede inside - your worst nightmare - brutal precision, throwing the terrorists to the floor in a heartbeat.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Situation in control, OWENS & ASHLEY stand at the window, the IRA BOMBERS spread-eagled on the floor behind them, C-13 agents everywhere. Ashley holds a box of detonators.

ASHLEY
Skoda Model 31 detonators. The oil field chaps love these. IRA must've been behind that shipment hijacked on it's way to Saudi Arabia last year.

Owens LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. Directly across is an old brick warehouse, a solid six story wall. A sliver of view shows the distant Belfast skyline. Owens is suspicious.

OWENS

That tip we got. What was it the caller said? Exactly?

ASHLEY

Said he saw wiring, and something that was wrapped up in small blocks when he looked inside the window.

OWENS

How the bloody hell could anybody look inside this window?

Ashley looks out the window - no fire escape, no ledge, *no possible vantage point from which to peep inside!*

ASHLEY

He'd have to see through a brick wall. Doesn't figure, does it?

EXT. BALLYGLASS STREET

News media, police, C-13 agents crowd the street, as IRA BOMBERS are marched outside to the waiting paddy wagon.

DENNIS COOLEY

watches from the window of a NEIGHBORHOOD PUB just down the street. A pint of bitters in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOCK TRAUMA - CATHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. JACK RYAN is sprawled in a chair, pulled up close beside CATHY's bed, his hand cupped over hers. His eyes are open, unable to sleep, staring at nothing.

DOCTOR SHAPIRO

bangs into the room. His smile beams! Ryan snaps around, Cathy waking up, raising her head toward the surgeon, clutching Jack tighter - she can tell it's good news.

CUT TO:

INT. CRITICAL CARE RECOVERY UNIT

SALLY is a ghastly little shape. Unconscious, a respirator breathing for her. Numerous IV tubes feed into her veins. An image so sad it makes your gut ache.

DR. SHAPIRO (VO)

God, it was close, but we won.

RYAN wears scrubs, alongside SHAPIRO. Jack's eyes are wet, trying to hold back tears. He kisses her bruised forehead.

DR. SHAPIRO

Sally's still a very sick little girl, but she's going to get well. You'll be taking her home in a month.

Jack Ryan is lost for words.

RYAN

Thanks..., that doesn't cover it, I know, but... thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANGLEY - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ryan's SAAB clears the first GUARDHOUSE, continues uphill along a curving road. Cut to Ryan on foot, his eyes cold, purposeful, as he nears the 7-story building of white stone.

INT. CIA LOBBY

SIX SECURITY OFFICERS watch Ryan enter, all plainclothed, coats unbuttoned to suggest sidearms. ADMIRAL GREER waits, standing on a mural of the CIA logo painted on the floor.

ADMIRAL GREER

Welcome home, Jack. Thank the good Lord about Sally. You manage any sleep?

RYAN

(obviously not much)

I just want to start in, Admiral.

The Admiral hands Ryan a SECURITY PASS. Just a picture and a number - no names. They proceed onward. Everywhere PEOPLE walk with anonymous haste. Corners have mirrors to avoid collisions - or eavesdroppers.

ADMIRAL GREER

Good -- the gate called ahead, thought I'd walk you up myself.

FIRST CHECKPOINT

Greer takes a pass from the chain around his neck, slides it into the slot. A SMALL GATE with orange & yellow stripes snaps upward, then back down. Jack repeats the procedure.

RYAN

Always feels like I'm inside a prison.

ADMIRAL GREER

Security in prison is nothing like this.

They pass a KIOSK selling snacks, staffed by BLIND PEOPLE wearing sunglasses, who don't know to look, as Greer leads Ryan into a waiting elevator. The door closes.

INT. CIA ELEVATOR

Admiral Greer uses a key to SHUT DOWN the elevator.

ADMIRAL GREER

We're intensifying our manhunt in Ireland. Last night the Brits got an anonymous tip, hit a bombfactory, even picked up a brigade commander.

RYAN

Any word on Miller?

ADMIRAL GREER

Nothing yet - these sorts won't talk, they never do. But we're hitting all known Irish Republican Army enclaves.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CIA OFFICE - DAY

ADMIRAL GREER ushers RYAN into a windowless office. CIA sexy. Hot shit computer set-up. A MESSENGER stands waiting beside a document cart. Greer pats the big STACK OF FILES.

ADMIRAL GREER

Everytime we crack one of these things, the information was under our nose for months - Senate oversight committees are always hammering us on that -- so let me know the minute you're up to speed.

Ryan signs a form handed him by the messenger, acknowledging the receipt of information.

RYAN

Of course, sir. By the way -- don't I have some clearance papers to sign?

ADMIRAL GREER

I still have your old ones. You know me, son - I hate to throw anything away.

The Admiral winks. He EXITS as the messenger stacks a thick pile of Ryan's desk. Oversized envelopes stamped with alpha numeric code. Once alone - Ryan opens one. He pulls out a

file folder trimmed with red tape: Codeword Patriot inked across it. Ryan takes a deep breath before opening it.

RYAN
I'll find you, sonofabitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The Soviet-built chopper is dropping fast, coming in for a landing, kicking up the desert sands below.

INT. HELICOPTER

SEAN MILLER is grating his teeth. The Irishman is tense. Dark sunglasses cloak his eyes, as he stares down at

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP

where KEVIN stands waiting, battered by the whipping sands, as the chopper touches the helipad.

BRIGITTE disembarks first, approaching her lover, who greets her with his eyes fixed on Sean. Sensing trouble, she steps back, giving Kevin space - as he greets Miller with silence.

MILLER
(with difficulty)
-Neddie's dead -- and Ryan, the
bootneck's still alive.

Kevin reflects a moment, the sand quieting around them, as the helicopter's rotor blades slow. He looks at Brigitte - who verifies it with a nod - then back to Sean.

KEVIN
How'd the rest go?

MILLER
I saw his wife and child die. And
the Yank's people got us away cleanly.

Kevin stares, riveting his eyes into Miller's.

KEVIN
They're not dead, Sean.

MILLER
What?

KEVIN
They both survived.

Miller is flabbergasted - his adrenaline surging.

KEVIN

Two missions in a row have gone wrong
for you, Sean.

SEAN

What're you trying to bloody say?

KEVIN

The first was random chance, pure
bloody luck, but two in a row - that
isn't luck.

SEAN MILLER SNAPS, his hands open, advancing at Kevin.
BRIGITTE DRAWS HER .9MM BROWNING. Holds it steady with both
hands, point blank at Sean. MILLER FREEZES, breathing hard.

KEVIN

You never used to be this emotional.
Worries me, mate.

Turbo-charged tension. Having made his point, Kevin nods
at Brigitte, who holsters the pistol.

KEVIN

Ahh, despite it all, the mission served
it's purpose. And Belfast went down
without a hitch. Took four more out of
the ranks. We've got both the Brits and
the Yanks tearing Ireland apart tracking
down the IRA. We've started a bloody
war. And when it's over, we'll be the
only ones standing.

The leader wraps an arm around Sean.

KEVIN

All we have to do now is boost ourselves
a Royal. Then the Brits will have no
choice but to give in to our demands.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST - BRITISH ROAD BLOCK - DAY

British ANTI-GRAFFITI CREWS work to remove spraypainted
slogans on the nearby buildings. They paint over "Free
Ireland!" "Purge the British Invaders from our Soil!"

We pan to BRITISH SOLDIERS standing guard at a fortified
ROADBLOCK. This "Checkpoint Charlie" is protected by
sandbags, machine guns nests, and steel poles to prevent
carbombs from driving into the guardhouse. The soldiers
check ID of a passenger car. Allow it to drive on through.

Down the street a VAN approaches slowly. It stops, slowly turns around. The soldiers watch it - but it's too late - as the rear DOORS FLY OPEN. An IRA TERRORIST sights his HOMEMADE PIPE BOMB. FIRES. The mortar arcs up then drops on the roadblock - which EXPLODES into a brilliant fireball.

A surviving SOLDIER OPENS FIRE as the van accelerates down the street, cornering into a side alleyway.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CIA OFFICE - DAY

On the verge of exhaustion, RYAN inspects a series of SATELLITE PHOTOS OF IRELAND. Irish Republican Army camps. Blown up. Grease pencil marks galore. RYAN pushes them away in frustration. Stares at a PHOTO of Cathy & Sally.

INT. CIA SCREENING ROOM

The slide projector flashes a grainy surveillance photo of MILLER & KEVIN, old drinking buddies in a Belfast pub. KEVIN'S FACE LOOKS MUCH DIFFERENT, hardly recognizable.

RYAN (VO)

Sean Miller is boyhood pals with Kevin O'Donnell, longtime IRA war strategist, who recently dropped out of sight. We have reports O'Donnell has altered his appearance through plastic surgery. We can't be sure what he looks like now.

Click to a yearbook shot of Miller & Kevin side-by-side in a Queen's University of Belfast rugby photo. RYAN stands in front of the screen. ADMIRAL GREER & CANTOR sit listening.

RYAN

There's reason to suspect O'Donnell choreographed the hit on Lord Holmes. And it stands to reason if we find O'Donnell, we'll find Miller. But exactly who are we looking for? IRA terrorists? I'm not so sure anymore.

CANTOR

(not buying it)

Enlighten us, Jack.

RYAN

Remember what the Brits said about the bombfactory, something odd about the phone tip, maybe an insider. Seems quite a few IRA soldiers have run into nasty luck the past few months.

Ryan remote controls the slide projector to a telephoto shot of JIMMY O'REARDON walking along a Cork Country street.

RYAN

Take Jimmy O'Reardon, this IRA Brigade Commander turned up dead, naked in some hotel he'd checked into with a girl. Double-tap to the head. Professional.

CANTOR

It was the Brits, the S.A.S retaliating, not that they'd ever admit it.

RYAN

I don't think so-

Morning in Paris. KEVIN on a hotel terrace, huddled with a sexy woman in a bathrobe, face hidden, her back turned to us - revealing only the LONG AUBURN HAIR.

RYAN

The Brits got this last year in Paris. Kevin has a woman, can't see her face, but I recognize the hair - same as the woman who tried to gun me down.

Ryan flips on the room lights.

RYAN

I think we're dealing with some new, ultra-violent splinter group trying to overthrow the Irish Republican Army, and fight the 'Cause their way.

CANTOR

Long hair? That's what this is based on? Christ, Ryan, nobody saw this girl except you. She may not even exist. Both Sergeants saw zip. And the gunman who was killed, Ned Clark, he's been IRA for years. Even if there was a girl, her long hair, hell, it was probably a wig.

RYAN

Then why'd she have it up underneath a baseball cap?

Ryan wants Cantor to agree, but he doesn't. Ryan turns to Admiral Greer for support.

RYAN

Think about it. It makes no sense for the IRA to go after Cathy and Sally, no way, not with their American fundraising on the ropes. This hit wasn't just to get me - they wanted to frame the IRA.

Ryan is getting worked up, becoming emotional.

RYAN

Which means we might be looking in the wrong place. I think Sean Miller is as far away from Ireland as he can get.

CANTOR

Miller is probably in Belfast, bunking in some Brigade Commander's guest room. It's in the IRA's best interest to have a covert team for exactly this purpose.

Ryan loses his temper.

RYAN

We've started a goddamn war in Ireland, people are getting killed, and it's not getting us a damn bit closer!

Ryan knows he's lost it. He takes a deep breath, runs a hand through his hair.

ADMIRAL GREER

That's enough, gentlemen. You look beat to shit, Jack. Get some rest. That's an order, son.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOCK TRAUMA - DAY

RYAN & CATHY (head in a bandage) standing together watching little SALLY lying unconscious, plugged into IV's. Ryan can't stand to look, turns his head away, fighting tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

RYAN & CATHY listen as a home security INSTALLER explains the KEYPAD controlling their new alarm system.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

RYAN & CATHY at the dinner table - Sally's chair is conspicuously empty - both parents sitting in silence, hardly touching their food. Exchange a quiet look.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

It's late. Empty cup of coffee. RYAN working on his computer. Books stacked, files everywhere. The phone RINGS. Jack glances at his wristwatch. Answers.

RYAN

This is Ryan.

No reply, just breathing, something ominous out there.

RYAN

Hello?

MILLER (VO)

How's your little girl, Jack?

Ryan doesn't know who this is.

MILLER (VO)

When I called the hospital, they said she lost her spleen. That's gonna make it mighty tough for the lassie to fight off infections, eh?

Ryan's eyes tighten into shock.

MILLER (VO)

Don't you know who this is, Jack?

His hand shoots out, knocking over a cup of coffee, as Ryan grapples for a SMALL BOX lined into the phone. Pushes it.

MILLER (VO)

I liked Annapolis. Nice place you have. Fancy the view. This last trip was sort of to get you into the spirit.

Ryan taps in a quick series of commands into his computer.

MILLER (VO)

You in the spirit, Jack?

The computer screen flashes - TRACE IN PROGRESS - Zillions of phone codes whirl down the CRT, tracing the telephone carrier systems - from one to another - back to the origin. First comes up - MCI * BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

RYAN

(icy calm)

I'm looking forward to seeing you again, Miller.

MILLER (VO)

Oh, me too, Jack. And I understand
your wife's pregnant--

RYAN

--You sick sonofabitch!

Next phone system comes up - AT&T * WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.
Miller's voice becomes surreal, dreamy, as phone codes keep
flashing down the screen.

MILLER

Come away, O human child. To the
waters and the wind. With a faery,
hand in hand, For the world's more
full of weeping than you can understand.

CLICK. Miller HANGS UP. Computer freezes. INTERNATIONAL
CALL --- TRACE INCOMPLETE. Jack slams down the phone.

CATHY (VO)

Jack?

Ryan whirls around to find CATHY in the doorway.

RYAN

How long have you been standing there?

CATHY

It was him, wasn't it?

Ryan's face is answer enough. Cathy keeps her cool,
something lucid in her eyes.

CATHY

It's not over -- he's coming back.

Ryan runs his hands through his hair. Nods.

RYAN

You want to ask me anything?

She shakes her head no.

CATHY

You get him, Jack. I don't care what
you have to do. You just get him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRIOT'S CLUB - NIGHT

A pub across from Broadway Station in one of South Boston's
Irish enclaves. A nondescript SEDAN pulls up out front.

The driver steps out - FBI AGENT DONOHO - quite worried as he speaks over the car roof to his emerging passenger.

FBI AGENT DONOHO

I don't think this is such a great idea, sir. This part of Boston, why hell, you might as well be in Ireland. At least let me call in some back-up, I've only got Dugan inside watching him.

JACK RYAN steps out of the sedan, walks around to the curb.

RYAN

You said you owed me one, I'm calling in my marker. We'll play it my way.

Donoho begrudgingly follows Ryan inside the Irish pub.

INT. PATRIOT'S CLUB

Business is brisk tonight. FBI AGENT DUGAN sits at the bar, conspicuously drinking coffee. It's too noisy to hear what Donoho says to him, but Dugan nods, points toward the rear. Ryan heads off, squeezing through the crowd, Donoho starts after him - but Jack says no - nervous Donoho slaps the bar.

PADDY O'NEIL

sits way in the back, amongst a crowd of Irishmen, hoisting a mug of dark ale to the 'Cause.

PADDY O'NEIL

But our lads are fighting back, they are, labouring courageously to free our people from the British yoke-

O'Neil STOPS mid-sentence, as Ryan emerges from the crowd, standing over his table, glaring at the IRA spokesperson.

PADDY O'NEIL

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph...

Everybody is staring now. Murmurs of recognition rise from the crowd, "It's him, yeah, the guy who saved the Royal..."

RYAN

You have some unfinished business with me?

Suddenly Ryan is flanked by a number of Irishmen with menacing faces. O'Neil's eyes flash a message to them.

PADDY O'NEIL

If it's a conversation you came for,
Doctor Ryan, might I suggest Johnny's
back room? Just through that door-

O'Neil gestures toward a door -- Ryan's not so sure.

PADDY O'NEIL

Obviously now, you wouldn't have come
all this way if you didn't trust me?

Ryan glances back at Donoho, vaguely visible through the crowd. Then nods, following Paddy O'Neil through the door - suddenly followed by FOUR IRISHMEN - before it closes shut.

AGENT DONOHO

can't believe his eyes. He jumps up, pushing through the crowd, hurrying to the door. Various Irishman make his passage difficult, getting in his way, slowing him down. Donoho finally reaches the door, rudely throwing aside a patron leaning against it, and barges through.

INT. BACK ROOM

Completely empty -- Jack Ryan has VANISHED.

FBI AGENT DONOHO

Jesus, no, goddammit NO!!!

Donoho charges through the empty room, barges through the rear entrance into the alley. Agent Dugan follows him out.

EXT. REAR ALLEY

A SEDAN escapes down the alley, burning rubber as it turns into a sidestreet. Donoho pulls his weapon in vain.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

A SPEEDBOAT heads out into the windy sea. It crosses the stern of a large FREIGHTER SHIP. The camera lingers on the registry painted across her stern: M.S. Kildare - Ireland.

TOTAL DARKNESS

A HOOD is over our head. Faint patterns of light bleed through the fabric, as our breath pumps against it. Sounds like we're on a ship. Distant mechanical groans. Muffled Irish accents. Footsteps approach. THE HOOD IS PULLED OFF.

INT. FREIGHTER CARGO HOLD

A MAN stands facing him. Holding a flashlight in Ryan's eyes, obscuring our view of his face. Nothing is said.

RYAN

sits on a chair. Crates of Jameson whiskey everywhere. A platoon of IRA SOLDIERS surround the captive. PADDY O'NEIL stands behind Ryan, untying his hands. Ryan averts his eyes from the bright beam, but a firm hand squeezes around his skull, directing him back into the light.

RED MCMAHON (VO)

Your eyes appear normal, Doctor Ryan.
The nausea will pass shortly. Afraid
you accidentally banged your head.

The flashlight angles away, beaming up over the scarred, intimidating face of RED MCMAHON. Paddy stands behind him.

RYAN

Who are you?

RED MCMAHON

Who do you think I am?

Ryan tries, but cannot place him.

RED MCMAHON

My name not important. Only my rank -
Senior Brigade Commander of the Irish
Republican Army. Your association
with Admiral James Greer of the CIA
makes us enemies.

He smiles, cracks a bottle of Jamison whiskey.

RED MCMAHON

I'd as soon kill you as drink with you.

Pours two glasses.

RED MCMAHON

But if we Provisionals fancied any
thoughts of ending your life, you most
certainly would be dead.

Offers one to Ryan.

RED MCMAHON

To your good health, Dr. Ryan.

Ryan buys the logic, thankfully gulps downs his drink.

RYAN

I know it's not the IRA.

RED MCMAHON

Obviously, Dr. Ryan, otherwise your bravado in finding us would be rather foolish. What else might you know?

RYAN

That Sean Miller, Kevin O'Donnell, God knows how many others, have splintered off - are out to topple the IRA - set forth their own agenda.

RED MCMAHON

Kevin calls his lads the ULA - Ulster Liberation Army - seems we Provisionals have become a tad dull for their Royal appetite, I'm afraid.

RYAN

Where do I look for Sean Miller?

RED MCMAHON

Where would you suppose?

RYAN

Anywhere but Ireland.

Red nods in agreement, pours himself another whiskey.

RED MCMAHON

Consider his needs, Dr. Ryan, if you were a freelance...

(finds the right word)

Freedom Fighter, where might you go?

You need weapons, money, who would fund you? Where would you train?

Who has the same enemies as you?

This sets Ryan thinking, his eyes wandering, stopping on those of a LADY TERRORIST standing over McMahon's shoulder.

RYAN

A woman tried to kill me at the Naval Academy. Maybe the same who double-tapped Jimmy O'Reardon in his hotel room. What do you know about her?

Red reacts coldly, quietly reaches inside his coat, pulls out a rolled-up dossier/photograph of Brigitte LaPluere.

RED MCMAHON

The French want her too. She killed
a close friend of their President.

Hands it to Ryan, who nods, scans the data.

RYAN

Brigitte LaPluere. She's French.
Travels under the cover of a rare
book dealer? Can I keep this?

RED MCMAHON

Answer me one question, Dr. Ryan. Born
of Irish parents, raised a good Catholic
-- where do you stand with the 'Cause?

Ryan looks him dead in the eyes.

RYAN

The most famous Irishman in the world
today are maniacs who leave bombs in
parked cars. I don't like that. I
know my father wouldn't. He was a cop.
He spent his whole working life taking
animals like that off the streets. We
Irish-Americans have worked hard to get
where we are, and we don't like being
related to goddamn-
(repugnant sneer)
Freedom Fighters.

Ryan stands, puts the photo/dossier in his coat.

RYAN

How do I get out of here?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRIOT'S CLUB - NIGHT

The bar is closed down. FBI everywhere. ADMIRAL GREER in
the thick of it. AGENT DONOHO sits with his head in his
hands - when suddenly JACK RYAN strolls inside. Big ole
smile on his face. Everybody stops, looks up dumbfounded.

EXT. PATRIOT'S CLUB

The camera piggybacks ADMIRAL GREER hustling RYAN outside
into his waiting LIMOUSINE.

ADMIRAL GREER

That was stupid, really stupid, Jack.
You had us worried sick. What if you'd
been wrong?

RYAN

But I wasn't wrong, Admiral.

Ryan stops, hands Greer the DOSSIER/PHOTO of Brigitte.

RYAN

And the woman -- here she is. Poses as a rare book dealer, and if the Brits can find the shops she does business with, we might be on to something.

Admiral Greer looks at Ryan like he's crazy. Jack grins, steps ahead of him inside the limousine. They drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. COOLEY'S RARE BOOKS - DAY

A quiet morning. DENNIS COOLEY is reading at his desk. The bell over the front door rings. ASHLEY walks in.

ASHLEY

How was Ireland, Mr. Cooley?

Cooley looks up in surprise. Ashley is charming.

ASHLEY

I came in the other day. Your assistant, Beatrice isn't it, she said you were off in Kerry?

MR. COOLEY

No, Cork County, actually. At an Earl's estate sale, picked up some scandalous treasures. Can I perhaps interest you in a rare first folio of Marlowe plays?

CUT TO:

INT. COMMANDER OWEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A TAPE RECORDER continues to play the taped conversation. Both ASHLEY & COMMANDER OWENS listen.

MR. COOLEY (VO)

Incredibly preserved. The dead Earl had them deep frozen several times to kill off the insects-

Ashley turns off the tape.

ASHLEY

He's an odd duck. A Belfast native, born to a middle class Catholic family. No criminal record whatsoever. None.

ASHLEY

Not even a place in the suspicious associations file.

OWENS

Piss on that. The little sod attended Queen's University of Belfast the same bloody time as Sean Miller. He's dirty.

CUT TO:

INT. ULA DESERT HUT - NIGHT

SEAN MILLER sits staring at a video. Flickering light dances across his face. We zoom close into his eyes.

HANDHELD VIDEO

Shot from an airport lobby, looking down on the tarmac. A GOVERNMENT JET pulls up. Stairs are rolled up to the hatch. SECURITY is overwhelming, SOLDIERS everywhere, as LORD & LADY HOLMES disembark, moving quickly along the red carpet to the procession of waiting limousines.

KEVIN (VO)

This is last week in Berlin. We can expect the same kind of security when Lord Holmes flies to Washington D.C. next week. Whadaya think, Sean?

Miller looks bored, frustrated with all this planning, he pours KEVIN another Jamison.

MILLER

Let's get on with it. We're wasting time here, that's for bloody sure.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

JACK RYAN points to a MAP detailing Lybia and the Mediterranean. ADMIRAL GREER & MARTY CANTOR listen.

RYAN

The Brits traced the weapons recovered from the hit on the Royal Family back to an arms dealer who supplies Kaddafi.

ADMIRAL GREER

The Arabs? I thought Kaddafi broke off with the IRA, said they weren't radical enough... hmmmmmm.

RYAN

Exactly. Now when Miller escaped from the Brits, he was last seen in a zodiac boat heading out to sea in a raging gale storm. Which didn't make sense. Until I checked the freighters present in the Channel that day.

A shot of an old freighter ship fills the screen.

RYAN

I found one of Cypriot registry, and it's a ship known to carry arms from the Eastern Bloc to client states on the Mediterranean, including Kaddafi.

ADMIRAL GREER

The escape ship?

Another map comes up, detailing suspected terrorist camps in North Africa, all marked by a red triangle.

RYAN

Now the birds have been photographing about 200 suspected terrorist camps daily in the North African desert. And the day this particular ship docked in Bengazi harbor, there was activity in four of the camps, with people arriving.

Four satellite photos come up, black & white, criss-crossed with vague shapes and shadows. A grease pencil marks the camps - each with a number. Ryan points to one.

RYAN

This camp, about 30 clicks southeast of Tripoli, is definitely PLO. The other three, we're not sure about.

Admiral Greer looks at Cantor, who considers, then nods.

ADMIRAL GREER

Okay, you sold me, Jack. I'll authorize additional camera time for you.

RYAN

If he's there, Admiral, I'll find him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP - TARGET RANGE - DAY

CAMERA TIGHT ON A MAN'S THUMB, pressing live rounds into an ammunition clip. Working fast, efficient, professional.

Pull back to reveal SEAN MILLER standing in the firing range. Blistering sun. Glare reflecting off the sand.

INT. ANNAPOLIS PISTOL RANGE - NIGHT

JACK RYAN faces the opposite direction - as if aiming back at Miller - as he stands in a shooting lane. GUNNY passes Ryan an ammo clip. Who loads it. Stands ready as Gunny dims the range lights. Gunny reaches into his shirt pocket, fishes out a string of FIRECRACKERS.

GUNNY

Just keep your eyes downrange, if your please. Wait for your target.

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP

Miller takes his firing stance. Beside him is an ARAB SOLDIER speaking instructions in Farsi.

INT. ANNAPOLIS PISTOL RANGE

Gunny fires up a Zippo, fuses the fireworks, and tosses the string at Ryan's feet. The FIRECRACKERS BEGIN POPPING! Ryan jumps, starts to turn around-

GUNNY

There, there! There's your target!

The light snaps on 25 feet downrange - revealing a target of a man. Ryan whirls back, swings the Berreta up, and FIRES.

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP

Miller facing opposite direction - FIRING his weapon.

INT. ANNAPOLIS PISTOL RANGE

Ryan FIRING - camera close over his shoulder - POV sighting the target - spent shell casings ejecting in our face.

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP

Tight on the muzzle of a BERRETA 92-F automatic in our face. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Miller blows us away.

INT. ANNAPOLIS SHOOTING RANGE

Ryan empties his gun. Turns back trembling.

RYAN

Jesus Christ, Gunny! You scared the holy shit out of me!

Gunny smiles, turning on the lights, illuminating the smoke. Paper fragments from firecrackers litter the floor.

GUNNY

You know, it's a real pain in the ass trying to figure out a way to simulate the stress of combat situations.

EXT. ULA DESERT CAMP

Miller studies his paper target. The bullseye is shreaded. The Irishman smiles coldly. Gets an approving nod from his ARAB instructor.

INT. ANNAPOLIS PISTOL RANGE

The electronic pulley brings the target close. Ryan stares coldly at his results. Another shreaded bullseye.

GUNNY

Not bad for a civilian.

Ryan gives the Sergeant Major a dirty look. Gunny smiles, pats Ryan on the back. Starts hanging up another target.

GUNNY

So I got the word today.

RYAN

About what?

GUNNY

My reassignment came through. They're shipping me out to the Phillipines.

Ryan's reaction is less than enthusiastic.

GUNNY

What's the long face, Jack? It's only a year, and you know how I love them long'n'luscious Manilla ladies.

Ryan still doesn't say anything.

GUNNY

You and Cath will be okay, won't you?

CUT TO:

INT. COOLEY'S RARE BOOKS - DAY

Bald little DENNIS COOLEY sits at his antique desk, fussing over his ledger book. CUSTOMERS quietly browse the shelves. Suddenly he raises his head. Smells something. Scans the room several seconds before looking up.

SMOKE is coming from the ceiling fan fixture. Cooley darts to the wall switch and slaps his hand on it. A BLUE FLASH sparks, giving him an electric shock. Lights go out, as he stares in surprise at his numbed arm, flexing his fingers.

His beloved books in jeopardy, Cooley quickly grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, pulls the pin, aims point blank at the switch - but the smoke has stopped. He frowns, steps on a wobbly chair, and looks up at the ceiling fan.

BIRD'S-EYE VIDEO

B&W video captures a distorted wide angle image of Cooley, holding the extinguisher, wondering what the hell to do.

INT. SURVEILLANCE OUTPOST

An unfurnished room. Electronic eavesdropping gear set up. Video relays. Reel-to-reel tape recorders. A BRIT "SPOOK" bolts upright in his chair, staring at the monitor.

BRIT SPOOK

Get Commander Owens, on the double!

CUT TO;

INT. COOLEY'S RARE BOOKS - LATER

A pudgy ELECTRICIAN is busy unscrewing the wall switch, fishing out the wires.

ELECTRICIAN

The date on your fusebox reads 1917
Mr. Cooley, yes sir, no wonder this old
copper wiring caught fire on you.

Mr. Cooley scratches his shiny head, not understanding such things.

MR. COOLEY

Won't be a problem to repair, will it?

ELECTRICIAN

Would be best to replace the lot of it,
but... Mr. Cooley? Any idea what this
might be?

INT. SURVEILLANCE OUTPOST

The spooks stand around ASHLEY & OWENS, monitoring the book shop. A look of utter horror crosses Owen's face.

OWENS

Bloody hell! Bloody fucking hell!

INT. COOLEY'S RARE BOOKS

The electrician holds a SINGLE WIRE - brand new - unlike the ancient wiring surrounding it. The end looks odd, polyvinyl insulation without any copper core, because hidden inside this fiber optic line is a microphone.

ELECTRICIAN

I've never seen anything like this.

Cooley is freaked out, only barely able to contain himself.

MR. COOLEY

I, uhh, have no idea..., carry on.

ELECTRICIAN

Strange indeed, and brand new, these others all look about seventy years old.

But Cooley is already dialing the phone.

MR. COOLEY

Beatrice?... Can you possibly mind the shop this morning? I have a small emergency.... In fifteen minutes? Thank you, Beatrice, you're a love.

He hangs up. Nerves overwhelming him, he lifts the receiver again - but quickly hangs up. He puts on his coat, places a WHITE PANAMA HAT over his bald head.

MR. COOLEY

I must be off, keep about your repairs, my assistant will arrive shortly.

The electrician nods, as Dennis Cooley takes a last look at his beloved shop. And hurries out.

INT. SURVEILLANCE POST

Owens scrambles for his coat, barking into his CB radio.

OWENS

Shadow him -- and I want him arrested if he tries to leave the country!

EXT. BURLINGTON ARCADE - DAY

Cooley walks swiftly past the arcade of shops. An AGENT watches from across the street. OWENS & ASHLEY hurry out a doorway behind the agent.

But Cooley surprises them all, suddenly ducking into the TUBE STATION. Caught off guard, the agents quickly descend the steps on their side of the street.

INT. TUBE STATION - TOP LEVEL

Cooley beelines for the ELEVATOR, which holds 50 MORNING COMMUTERS. He crowds inside. Waits for the door to close. Owens & Ashley appear. They rush for the elevator - the DOOR CLOSING just before they reach it - which starts descending to the train platform three stories below.

Cursing in frustration, Owens & Ashley hurry down the large CIRCULAR STAIRWAY. We intercut between Cooley and the C-13 agents as they descend. Owens & Ashley appear to have the advantage - until they are suddenly delayed by a pack of unruly BRIT PUNKERS walking up the stairwell.

TRAIN PLATFORM

The elevator wins. Cooley exits with the crowd. The little man vanishes, his head hidden in a sea of bumping shoulders.

Owens & Ashley reach the platform, rudely pushing through the commuters. Owens points for Ashley to circle around the other way. A SUBWAY TRAIN is waiting for commuters to board. Owens makes for it, when he suddenly spots the

WHITE PANAMA HAT

barely visible in the crowd. Owens beelines after Cooley, pushing closer, the target now heading for the street, oddly playful - when Owens realizes it is a PUBESCENT SCHOOL GIRL showing off her new hat to a school chum.

PUBESCENT GIRL

It's simply delightful, that nice man
just gave it to me and kept going-

Owens overhears, staring in anger, when suddenly the WHOOSH OF CLOSING DOORS is heard. The TRAIN STARTS PULLING AWAY. Ashley finds Owens, both looking up, instantly spotting

COOLEY

standing in the window of the moving train, his shiny bald head exposed without a hat. Cooley smiles. Takes a bow.

OWENS

Bloody hell!

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

Home of the Royal Family.

INT. LORD HOLMES OFFICE

LORD HOLMES sits in a Louie the 14th chair amidst his extravagant antique furnishings, discussing his schedule with half a dozen AIDES - one a MAJOR in the Royal Guard.

LORD HOLMES

-Dinner sounds lovely, those White House chefs really put on a show.

1ST AIDE

That only leaves the 14th open.

Getting a thought, Lord Holmes turns to GEOFFERY WATKINS, standing beside him.

LORD HOLMES

Geoffery, might we check with John Ryan about scheduling a presentation dinner at our embassy in Washington that night?

Watkins nods pleasantly, exits into a side office beyond mahogany double doors.

INT. WATKIN'S OFFICE

Watkins closes the doors behind him. His PHONE RINGS. He makes himself cozy at his desk before picking up.

WATKINS

This is Geoffery Watkins.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DOVER FERRY TERMINAL

MR. COOLEY calls from a public phone. A HOVERCRAFT readying to cross the English Channel beckons in the distance.

MR. COOLEY

Oh, I beg your pardon. I was trying to get Mr. Titus. Is this extension two-six-nine-one?

INTERCUTTING:

Watkins' face goes white, his voice deeply concerned.

WATKINS

No..., this is two-six-one-nine.

MR. COOLEY
Terribly sorry.

WATKINS
Oh, that's quite alright.

Assuring the caller in a tone that is anything but alright, Watkins HANGS UP, eyes riveted on the receiver. He stands up - then sits back in his chair, trying to stay calm.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN

Outside the kitchen windows, the first purplish hues of morning are staining the Chesapeake horizon. RYAN is already dressed, pouring himself a cup of coffee. CATHY enters in a robe.

RYAN
What are you doing? Go back to bed.

CATHY
It's alright -- I want to be at the hospital when she wakes up.

He pulls her close, kisses her forehead.

RYAN
How's the head, baby?

CATHY
Okay..., just wish I could sleep better.

Jack says nothing. The PHONE rings. Cathy answers it. Rolls her eyes. Hands it over to John with a smarmy grin.

CATHY
Anybody here by the name of Sir John?

CUT TO:

INT. LORD HOLMES OFFICE

Watkins enters. The meeting still going on.

WATKINS
Your Lordship, Sir John says he has planned a goodbye dinner at their home for a close friend that evening, but suggested you and Lady Holmes join them, perhaps make the presentation there.

LORD HOLMES
Splendid, Geoffery.

Watkins brushes up against security chief BERT LONGLEY, wearing military garb. Speaks matter-of-factly.

WATKINS

Might I see the security arrangements for the trip, Major Longley? The Yanks need to have a peek.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA SATELLITE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Stereoscopic view of a SATELLITE PHOTO of a terrorist desert camp. Astonishing visual clarity. We pull back to reveal

JACK RYAN

using the CIA STEREOSCOPIC VIEWER to study the photos. The gadget is an enormous beast, so heavy it sits on basement bedrock. It has resolution tolerances of +/- 1 micron.

Ryan refers to a heavy BINDER CONTAINING SAT PHOTOS of other terrorist desert camps. They are numbered 11-5-04, 11-5-18, and 11-5-20. The camps all look pretty much the same. Ryan loads another PAIR OF IDENTICAL PHOTOS into the viewer. He lays the two photos side by side. Looks through the scope.

Camp-18 features a line of six people standing near the huts. Man-shapes. No faces. Just tops of heads.

ADMIRAL GREER (VO)

How do you like the photo album?

Jack whips around. ADMIRAL GREER is standing behind him.

RYAN

How long have you been there?

Greer smiles coyly, steps up to look through the viewer.

ADMIRAL GREER

The clarity is better at night. Cooler air doesn't screw with imaging as much. So what have you got here?

You can see they wear tan short sleeved shirts and long pants. The color of their hair. Pale sunburned arms.

RYAN

Six people, probably Northern European. See the one with the sunburn, arm looks a little pink? All appear to be male, from the short hair, style of dress. You can't see any guns, but see those little points of light? It might be sunlight reflecting off ejected cartridge brass.

ADMIRAL GREER

Weapons training?

RYAN

Either that, or taking a leak by the numbers. Look at the one with the hat.

We focus over a man with a hat. Ryan quickly loads another pair of photos. Ryan points out what appears to be the same European man - with his hat off.

RYAN

Here's the same guy - a new arrival - he's bald. Dennis Cooley is bald according to the Brits. I think I've found them, Admiral.

Admiral Greer stands back from the viewer.

ADMIRAL GREER

The Delta Force could take out any of these camps in under two minutes, kill everybody there, and be gone before the echo fades. But we've got to be sure. Are you sure, Jack? Absolutely sure?

Ryan chokes on the lethal ramifications of his answer. After a long moment, he regretfully shakes his head no.

RYAN

I can't be completely certain, sir.

The Admiral stares at Ryan. Pats him on the shoulder.

ADMIRAL GREER

Keep at it, son.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - NIGHT

The FULL MOON sets over the cloudless horizon.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM

Clock reads 3:53 a.m. JACK & CATHY in bed. She is having

a NIGHTMARE, twisting, murmuring in her sleep, something about Sally's seatbelt - finally BOLTING UPRIGHT!

Jack wakes up, not knowing what's going on, PULLS A PISTOL OUT FROM UNDER THE BED - fast realizing it's just another nightmare, and slightly freaked out he over-reacted.

He puts the gun away before she sees it. Then holds her, comforting her as she breaks into tears. They just sit there, rocking slowly, holding each other tight.

RYAN

It's that same one again, isn't it?

She collects herself.

CATHY

I'm okay.

They lay back on the pillows. She rests her head on his chest, eyes open, staring at nothing.

CATHY

What kind of man can look into the face of a little girl and pull the trigger?

Jack Ryan strokes his wife's hair -- doesn't reply.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA SATELLITE VIEWING ROOM

It's early. Steaming coffee in our face. Ryan looks up as a TECHIE delivers another binder of sat photos. Ryan eagerly signs for them.

TECHIE

You're up early, Dr. Ryan. Here's the latest batch, hot off the bird.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWER POV:

State-of-the-art viewing system. Digital with computer enhancement abilities. We see high magnification of a DESERT CAMP PHOTO. Man-shapes. Pale sunburned arms sticking out of short sleeves.

INT. CIA SATELLITE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

RYAN backs away from the viewer. Rubs his eyes. Adjusts the scope. Looks again.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWER POV:

Ryan adjusts the magnification for a closer look. We see the photo in sectors now. Clicking from left to right. Ryan holds it. He finds a Man-shape laying on the ground.

RYAN

plays the keyboard. Adjusts various gains.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWER POV

The Man-Shape is seen in various color shades of computer generated luminescence. (Sat photos are taken in various light spectrums, thus allowing computers to generate higher clarity.) Ryan finally scrutinizes a PERSON lying on the sand wearing what might be a BIKINI.

RYAN

rubs his eyes again.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWER POV

Ryan fiddles with the resolution enhancement gain. The sector he's looking at magnifies. Shrinks down. Sectors click past until stopping on the BIKINI TOP-

RYAN

Tits!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT CAMP-18 - DAY

We find BRIGITTE, wearing a thong bikini, reflector shades, baking on a lounge chair - as if in Cabo San Lucas - except an UZI lays at her side instead of a margarita.

DENNIS COOLEY

wipes his bald head with a bandana. Looking off at the curvacious sunbather, he puts his hat on, and turns back to MILLER.

MR. COOLEY

But the bleeding bastards, they took away my bookshop. They took my books.

MILLER

Not this time, Dennis. This job's going to be messy. Kevin feels you don't have the training.

MR. COOLEY
He won't change his mind?

Miller circles around Cooley. Rests a consoling hand on Cooley's shoulder.

MILLER
It's important you remain here, Dennis.
I have a feeling you're going to help
the 'Cause more than you know.

A GUNSHOT is fired. Cooley's eyes widen in mortal surprise, blood staining his shirt. The milquetoast slumps forward, revealing the smoking PISTOL in Miller's hand.

MILLER
Obliging little chap.

CIA SCREENING ROOM - DAY

CUT TO:

Digital enhancement of the SATELLITE PHOTO of Camp-18 is projected on the screen.

RYAN (VO)
The guys in photo interpretation say you
need at least a C-cup for it to show up.

RYAN walks before the screen, pointing at what he believes is Brigitte lying on her beach chair.

RYAN
The vertical line - that's cleavage -
there's a woman in this camp, sir.

Ryan clicks to an INTERPOL PHOTO OF BRIGITTE LAPLIERE.
Her low cut blouse is ample evidence of her large bust.

RYAN
Need I say more, gentlemen?

Ryan turns to Admiral Greer, waits impatiently as his boss mulls it over a long moment. Finally the Admiral stands.

ADMIRAL GREER
I'll make the call, Jack.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - HELICOPTERS IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Into the heart of darkness, two AH-64 APACHES coming in low over the sand, followed by a third, larger chopper. They slow abruptly. Sand rising into a cloud as they land. The larger chopper quickly lowers a ramp-

TWO DUNE BUGGIES

charge out the helicopter. FRENCH COMMANDOS in modified dune buggies, racing across the dunes, bouncing like hell as they disappear into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HALLWAY - ROOM #4337 - DAY

MARTY CANTOR leads RYAN to a room identified only by it's number. The Deputy punches the code to the cypher lock.

RYAN

Where are we, Marty? Must've gone through at least five checkpoints?

CANTOR

No questions, Jack, please.

INT. ROOM #4337

A windowless room identified only by it's number. Inside is a sophisticated array of hi-def video screens. ADMIRAL GREER sits waiting with a dignified 58-year-old FRENCHMAN, who both stand as Cantor leads Ryan inside.

ADMIRAL GREER

Jack, good, this is Jean-Claude. One of our French colleagues.

The Frenchman steps forward to shake hands.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Doctor Ryan, I am informed you are the man we must thank.

RYAN

What for?

ADMIRAL GREER

Jack, you never saw this. We're going to real-time the op.

JEAN-CLAUDE

My President has a personal stake in this lady terrorist you found. Your military has allowed us the pleasure.

EXT. DESERT CAMP-18

The desert night is quiet. LYBIAN SOLDIERS guard the huts. We focus on one outside the guard hut, smoking a cigarette.

SATELLITE POV

The IMAGE BECOMES AN OVERHEAD INFRA RED VIDEO. A soupy green monochrome. Superimposed digital readouts give time, metric distance, resolution index, and orbital parameters.

Our perspective is changing slightly. Maybe five degrees per minute, as we soar through space at 18,000 mph. 200 miles above the earth. It looks like watching football from the top row of the Coliseum.

OUTER SPACE - SATELLITE

An American flag is emblazoned on the hull of TRW's new KH-11 SATELLITE orbiting above North Africa. The espionage platform is 6 stories tall with a wingspan of solar panels.

INT. ROOM #4337

The infra-red SATELLITE FEED shows five of the six huts have heaters on. Suggesting men asleep inside.

ADMIRAL GREER (VO)

Some key radar installations north of Tripoli are currently experiencing some very mysterious electrical problems.

Admiral Greer smiles like a Buddha. Everybody is sitting, facing the hi-def screen, an ominous image of CIA warfare.

ADMIRAL GREER

That combined with some nighttime flight operations from the Navy carrier battle group in the Med should keep the folks preoccupied long enough.

CANTOR

Damn, look how clear that picture is, ground temp must be freezing.

JEAN-CLAUDE

It's three in the morning there. Body functions will be at their lowest ebb.

South behind the camp, behind a dune, TWO VEHICLES pull up. Dune buggies. Upon closer inspection, faint figures move on the sand - SOLDIERS - eight of them splitting in two groups.

RYAN

Who are the troops?

ADMIRAL GREER

Paras.

JEAN-CLAUDE

We have troops in Chad. Maybe 400 miles away. Airborne units, with helicopters.

Near one of the huts is a brighter light. A guard standing out front. The one smoking on duty. The soldiers approach. Economy of movement, deadly efficient. One soldier takes the point. Closes in on the guard. A brief flash from one of the intruders. No sound. The cigarette flies two yards.

ADMIRAL GREER

That's a kill.

The other seven pale shapes close in. First they enter the guard hut. A moment later they reappear outside. Deploy into two groups of four, each heading for a lighted hut.

RYAN

My God, right in front of our eyes.

The soldiers secure the other huts. Reappear after a moment. A counterattack mounts. Man-figures firing back. Their weapons flash, video scars lingering on the screen.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(dry amusement)

The targets seem to be putting up some resistance.

A tent explodes. Fires break out in others. The fighting is quickly won by the commandos.

ADMIRAL GREER

No match for trained troops. Terrorists are good for killing woman and children, but for real fighting - forget it.

Suddenly something else enters the picture. A bright glow washing out everything else. A helicopter, it's engines blazing hot in the infra-red picture.

JEAN-CLAUDE

There's a helicopter coming in now.

The picture deteriorates, the camera zooming back. Two more helicopters were already in the area. One landed by the vehicles, which are driven into it. Another skims the ground, following the tire tracks out of the picture.

JEAN-CLAUDE

That one's erasing the tracks for several miles with his downdraft.

The satellite loses visual lock on the scene, and suddenly everything goes black. Ryan stares incredulously.

CANTOR

The keyhole's passed out of visual. .

Jean Claude stands, enthusiastically shakes Jack's hand.

JEAN-CLAUDE

My President extends the sincerest thanks of our country, Doctor Ryan. The units won't be out of radio silence for some hours, but from the look of it, your Sean Miller is as dead as they get.

Everybody is buzzing, slapping handshakes, all except Ryan is stares at the video monitor with a somber reaction.

ADMIRAL GREER

It's over, Jack. How does it feel?

Ryan remains stonefaced. Fiercely intense. Doesn't answer. Greer rests a hand on Jack's shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. "SHOCK TRAUMA" - SALLY'S ROOM - DAY

SALLY is looking better. No ominous tubes or monitors anymore. Her room is full of flowers, teddy bears, games. JACK RYAN sits on her bed. He's tired, introspective, stroking her baby soft hair, and thanking God she's alive.

SALLY

Is everything okay, daddy?

Ryan nods quietly. He gently pulls his daughter into a hug. Tight on his face as he holds her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

The roar of jet engines BLAST OUR EARS as a Mexicana AIRLINER just clears camera, touching down on the runway.

INT. CUSTOMS CHECKPOINT

Lines of ARRIVING PASSENGERS shuffle forward, holding their passports, clearing the INS checkpoints.

PUBLIC ADDRESS (VO)

Attention, passengers flying Mexicana flight #214, baggage will be found at carousel number six.

His computer finding nothing unusual, the CUSTOMS AGENT routinely stamps a passport. He looks up, handing it back to SEAN MILLER who smiles politely.

MILLER

Nice to be back.

Miller passes through to the BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA, where KEVIN & BRIGITTE stand in the crowd. She plays a blonde southern belle lovingly on the arm of her boyfriend. Sean stands beside them. We suddenly recognize an additional FOUR ULA MEMBERS nearby. Nobody doing anything to suggest they are traveling together. Sean looks back at the checkpoint.

INS CHECKPOINT

We recognize the ULA DRIVER - from the hit on Cathy & Sally - waiting patiently for the CUSTOMS AGENT to clear him.

ULA DRIVER

Might there be a problem, sir?

The computer flashes "Detain." The officer discretely presses a button under his desk. Suddenly two more CUSTOMS AGENTS are walking up cautiously behind the ULA driver.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Excuse me, sir. But you'll have to come with us.

SEAN MILLER

watches as the ULA driver is escorted away. His legs take the first step toward interceding, when Kevin discretely blocks him off. Hisses a harsh whisper.

KEVIN

Let him go, mate. It can't be helped now.

Keeping his cool, Sean nods ever-so-slightly, then turns around, and starts walking for the street. Keeping their distance, the others slowly follow him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - NIGHT

Ominous storm clouds lurk in the twilight over the bay. Two LIMOUSINES are parked outside Ryan's house. Greer's DRIVER relaxes inside, Orioles baseball playing low. We pull back revealing over a DOZEN DPS AGENTS (Diplomatic Protection Service) patrolling with MP5 submachine guns.

INT. LIVING ROOM

We pan across a beautifully set dinner table. Flowers. Fine crystal glasses. Sterling silverware. Lovely china. Settings for eight. Until the CATERER takes one away, and walks past GUNNY & CATHY on his way inside the kitchen.

GUNNY

She backed out at the last minute,
what can I say. Guess tonight it's
me and my good buddy "weiser."

The Marine digs a BUDWEISER out of his coat pocket, pops the tab, and sucks away the rising foam. Another angle reveals LORD & LADY HOLMES sitting on the sofa, being poured champagne by a second CATERER.

COAT CLOSET

RYAN is hanging up ADMIRAL GREER'S coat. His wife REGINA hands over her mink, walking off to join the others. Admiral Greer pulls Jack aside.

ADMIRAL GREER

We got a positive ID on Dennis Cooley.
Only one of them who wasn't burned
beyond recognition. Waiting 48 hours
for dental records on the others.

Ryan says nothing.

ADMIRAL GREER (VO)

Dammit Jack, this was the only way to
deal with it. You did the right thing.

RYAN

I know, Admiral.

Lord Holmes cuts them off. The elder English gentleman holds a LEATHER PRESENTATION CASE.

LORD HOLMES

Just a peek before the presentation.

Sporting a mischievous grin, he opens the lid, revealing a GOLD MEDAL on tri-color ribbon. Then playfully slaps it shut. Hands the leather case back to GEOFFERY WATKINS who suddenly strolls into frame. The stringy Englishman smiles.

WATKINS

It's your big night, Sir Ryan.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

The TWO CATERERS - ANTHONY & DAVID - are busy preparing to poach a platter of salmon filets. Both men are white, middle-aged, sweet-faced guys. Cathy checks their work.

CATHY

Looks lovely, I just love poached salmon with hollandaise, don't you?

ANTHONY

Hollandaise?

The two caterers look at each other.

DAVID

I thought we'd simply serve the fish with fresh lemon, Mrs. Ryan.

CATHY

No, I'd prefer the hollandaise if you don't mind. I've got everything in the fridge if you need to make some.

Cathy walks out to the living room, smiling politely at the TWO DPS AGENTS in Brooks Brother's suits, both sitting at the kitchen table. Waiting until Cathy's gone, they snicker to each other. The fat agent grins at Anthony.

FAT DPS AGENT

Screwed up, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF

The silhouettes of patrolling DPS AGENTS are clearly visible against the stormy horizon. More stand by the driveway.

RYAN'S DECK

The MEN have gathered out on the deck, sipping their drinks.

LORD HOLMES

Spectacular view, Sir John.

Ryan looks out at the Chesapeake.

RYAN

It's nice watching the boats go by. Looks a little thin tonight.

ADMIRAL GREER

Probably listening to the radio, there's a severe thunderstorm warning. Supposed to hit about ten or so.

Camera picks up GEOFFERY WATKINS standing innocently in the background. The undersecretary walks inside the house.

GUNNY

Man, I'm really going to miss the fishing out there. Chopperfish this long. Fry it up fresh with some garlic, ooh baby. Jack here, he's shown me all the best spots, been fishing this bay since he was a kid.

RYAN

Yeah, my father and I used to spend a lot of time out there... Big reason why I'm hoping Cathy has a boy.

ADMIRAL GREER

To Sir John Junior.

They all toast. Jack can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTHONY'S CATERING - NIGHT

Tight on a DEAD FACE. White male, plump, middle-aged. Bullet hole drilled neatly through his forehead. A BODY BAG is zipped up over the face.

POLICEMAN (VO)

J-23, Annapolis-1, we've got two caucasian males, each in their mid-thirties, both the victim of a single gunshot wound to the forehead--

We begin pulling back. Reveal a second BODY BAG beside it, being zipped up by TWO PARAMEDICS. We are inside a small catering kitchen. POLICE collecting evidence, taking photographs. We keep pulling, revealing ghastly splashes of blood across the industrial refrigerator.

EXT. ANTHONY'S CATERING

We pull outside the open door of this quaint brick storefront -- now bathed in FLASHING RED & BLUE RACK LIGHTS. An OFFICER stands beside his POLICE CRUISER, speaking into the radio microphone.

POLICEMAN

--both were employees, apparently on duty at the time of death, which was approximately two hours ago. No sign of any struggle. Looks professional.

We pan upward to the artsy NEON LOGO above the storefront. A happy face sniffing the aroma of a steaming gourmet meal. "Anthony's Catering"

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN

Tight on the LOGO embroidered into a cooking apron. "Anthony's Catering". We pull back to reveal "ANTHONY" beating egg yolks with a wire whisk. He glances at a COOKBOOK opened to a HOLLANDAISE RECEIPE. He adds lemon juice. Some dry sherry. Finally adds melted butter.

The Hollandaise looks like egg drop soup. Clumpy, won't thicken. Anthony frowns in frustration. Turns to David.

CATERER/ANTHONY

The sauce..., look at it. Damn stuff fell apart.

CATHY (VO)

You mean the Hollandaise broke?

The caterers turn to find JACK & CATHY coming through. Anthony tenses up, hoping to hide his mistake. Cathy steps up to see for herself, as Jack grabs a bottle of wine. She notices her cookbook opened on the counter.

CATHY

Isn't that my cookbook?

Anthony quickly turns the page, as if leafing through it.

CATERER/ANTHONY

Yes, fabulous, isn't it? Noticed it there in your collection and was just showing David. Hope you don't mind.

Cathy realizes she may have hired the wrong caterers. She takes a breath, decides not to lose her temper.

CATHY

No, of course not -- Here, I'm good at Hollandaise, let me help.

Jack watches all this quizzically. Pauses a moment. Then walks out into the living room. The TWO DPS AGENTS sitting at the kitchen table swallow their chuckles.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The guests are all mingling. Suddenly Greer's personal pager BEEPS. His eyes roll in annoyance.

JACK

Use the phone in my office, Admiral.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRAL GREER'S OFFICE

Working late, MARTY CANTOR speaks in a somber tone.

CANTOR

Customs agents at Dulles just IDed a known Irish Republican Army terrorist. Detained him coming into the country early this afternoon. And they're pretty sure he wasn't traveling alone. Just to be safe, I've got an HRT bird up, about twenty minutes out.

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE

ADMIRAL GREER listens over the phone. RYAN walks in, seeing a sour look cross the Admiral's face.

ADMIRAL GREER

I see..., okay, I'll get back to you.

Greer hangs up.

RYAN

Something wrong, Admiral?

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT

The Hostage Rescue Team (HRT) is already up, flying in a forty knot crosswind. Lighting bolts blister the sky.

INT. HELICOPTER

Not Brooks Brothers FBI, but COMMANDOS in night camouflage jumpsuits, fearsome vets, all match-quality marksmen. A LONG-RIFLEMAN unpacks his custom-made sniper rifle from a foam lined case. FBI AGENT SHAW sits up with the PILOT.

PILOT

We got a pretty strong thunder cell approaching the target.

(pulls his belts tighter)

You guys in back, strap down tight!

CUT TO:

EXT. RYAN'S DRIVEWAY

A pair of DPS AGENTS are buttoning up raincoats, getting ready for the oncoming storm.

EXT. WOODED PERIMETER

Two more DPS AGENTS patrol along the perimeter of thick foliage, cradling their MP5 submachine guns. Faces alert.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE

Another two DPS AGENTS walk along the high cliffs, dark silhouettes against the Chesapeake. A FLASH OF LIGHTENING illuminates the night horizon. Followed by THUNDER.

Camera tightens on the LEAD AGENT, as he turns toward the sound booming across the bay. He whistles in anticipation. Turns back to his partner -- WHO HAS VANISHED.

LEAD AGENT

Phillip?

The DPS agent cautiously levels his MP5. We share his POV looking along the cliff. His buddy is nowhere to be found. The reverse angle reveals the LEAD AGENT HAS VANISHED TOO. Very spooky. BOTH AGENTS ARE SUDDENLY NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

RYAN & ADMIRAL GREER return to the party. Suddenly a FLASH OF LIGHTENING is seen across the bay -- everybody turning to look out the full-length windows -- followed seconds later by the boom of DISTANT THUNDER.

GUNNY

Wow, here it comes, this thunderboomer is going to be a beauty.

Jack smiles politely, obviously distracted, then excuses himself into the

KITCHEN

where ANTHONY is shaking a bottle of fresh salad dressing. Begins pouring it into the salad bowl. His partner David is not around.

ANTHONY

Everybody ready to sit down for the first course, sir?

Ryan nods, his mind on something else. He looks at the kitchen table. The TWO DPS AGENTS ARE NO LONGER THERE. Instead WATKINS sits alone, his legs crossed like a girl.

RYAN

Where'd the agents go?

WATKINS

Just sniffing around, I suppose, sir.

RYAN

(frowning)

If you see them, have them find me, will you, Geoffery?

WATKINS

Something wrong, Sir John? What's the worry? His Lordship tells me you fellows put the kabosh on the lot of them -- the girl too.

Ryan stares at Watkins. As if on cue, the second caterer DAVID returns, having come from the laundry room. Wiping his hands, he smiles at Ryan.

DAVID

It's going to be wonderful dinner, sir. Shall we get everybody seated?

Ryan just stares -- catches himself, then walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

The GUESTS are migrating to the table. Sitting down, pulling linen napkins out of silver holders, placing them upon their laps.

CATHY

I hope you all like poached salmon.

RYAN walks out of the kitchen, brushing past ADMIRAL GREER, his eyes indicating they need to speak. Very subtle, Ryan leads the Admiral a few paces away from the others. Another FLASH OF LIGHTENING. The THUNDER is getting closer.

ADMIRAL GREER

Storm's almost on us.

RYAN

It's Watkins, he's our boy, sir.

CATHY

Jack, Admiral, come and sit down.

Ryan smiles back at her, as Greer whispers.

ADMIRAL GREER

Christ... you sure?

RYAN

He knew about the girl.

Greer nods, serious.

RYAN

And these caterers. Suddenly I'm not so sure about them either. Where are those two DPS agents?

ADMIRAL GREER

I saw one heading upstairs.

RYAN

Let me go talk to him.

Ryan quietly HEADS UPSTAIRS, as Admiral Greer returns to the dining table.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

RYAN walks in, looking for the DPS agents. He finds a WALKIE-TALKIE left on the bureau. Finding this strange, he checks the bathroom -- no agent to be found. Ryan clicks on the walkie-talkie. Nothing but static.

RYAN

Hello? This is Jack Ryan, over.

(nothing but static)

DPS agents, anybody, come in, over.

Nothing. Jack walks to the window, pulls back the curtain. We share RYAN'S POV looking outside -- THERE IS NOT A DPS AGENT ANYWHERE IN SIGHT. Tight on Jack's reaction. He quickly goes to ANOTHER WINDOW. Looks outside. NOBODY!

Panic rising through him, Ryan picks up the TELEPHONE, starts dialing out -- but suddenly stops -- because the PHONE IS DEAD. No dial tone. Jack knows he's fucked.

Then suddenly Jack sees it -- across the room, a small DARK PUDDLE coming from underneath the mirrored closet door.

Ryan crosses the bedroom, OPENING THE CLOSET -- and finds the snickering DPS AGENT - his throat slashed.

Tight on Ryan's face. Ryan quickly shuts the door. His FACE SUDDENLY REFLECTED BACK to him in the closet mirror. Jack swallows hard, trying to control his fear.

RYAN

They're here -- c'mon, Jack, think --
how would I do it? -- think, dammit!

(with sudden horror)

--Oh God, the food.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

Salads are being served. Ice water from a pitcher is being poured into everybody's glasses. ANTHONY & DAVID are smiling pleasantly as they serve the guests. CATHY looks up as RYAN returns from upstairs.

CATHY

There you are, Jack. Sit down,
we're all waiting for you.

Ryan pauses a moment, staring at them, not sure how to handle this. Both caterers look up at him. Everybody turning to him. Gunny reaches for his water glass.

GUNNY

It's chow time, Jack.

Ryan smiles weakly, then steps forward, approaching the dining table -- when suddenly HE TRIPS FORWARD, HIS HAND REACHING OUT, GRABBING THE TABLE CLOTH, AND PULLING IT DOWN WITH HIM. Everything spills, water glasses tumbling over, the beautiful table setting destroyed. The guests bolt to their feet, stepping away from the table.

CATHY

(furious)

Oh, that's just great, Jack!

Gunny spits out a mouthful of water - finding this the funniest damn thing he's ever seen. Ryan picks himself up, feigning apologies.

RYAN

I don't know what happened, this is
terrible, I don't know what to say-

Ryan tugs at Anthony's arm, leading him into the kitchen.

RYAN

Help me mop up this mess, will you--

INT. KITCHEN

Banging through the door, leaving the dining room buzzing, Ryan quickly leads Anthony back toward the

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

where the cleaning supplies are.

ANTHONY

But sir, this is going to take more than a mop--

RYAN

--No kidding, pal.

Ryan KO'S THE SONOFABITCH -- vicious belly punch, doubling him forward, followed by a hammerfist crashing down behind his thick neck. Anthony crumples forward.

DAVID

is suddenly lunging at Ryan with a KITCHEN KNIFE! But

GUNNY

appears from behind, yanking him backward, and SLAMMING DAVID'S HEAD INTO THE CABINET DOOR -- lights out.

GUNNY

(deadpan)

Some help you hired here, Jack.

RYAN

Where's Watkins?

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S BASEMENT

WATKINS is looking for something. He finds it. The FUSE BOX. He looks at his WRISTWATCH. It reads 8:29. He opens the small metal door.

RYAN (VO)

Can I help you, Watkins?

JACK RYAN is walking down the stairs. ADMIRAL GREER & GUNNY behind him. Watkin's stiffens, pretends to be at ease. Ryan steps closer, his gaze boring in on Watkins.

RYAN

How did you know there was a girl in the camp, Watkins?

Watkin's eyes flash his mistake.

WATKINS

Lord Holmes mentioned it.

RYAN

I don't think so. You're not cleared
for that level of security.

They stand face to face. Watkin's lip quivers, trying to find something to say - instead he **DRAWS A PISTOL**. But Ryan is on him before he can fire. Gunny steps up, **TAKES AWAY THE PISTOL**, jamming it up under the traitor's chin.

GUNNY

And just what were you doing with
that fusebox, boy?

Watkins smiles glibly. The OTHERS walk down into the basement. The women try to control their growing panic. Gunny looks ready to rip Watkins' head off. Admiral Greer pulls the Marine aside.

ADMIRAL GREER

Allow me, Sergeant.

The Admiral takes the gun.

ADMIRAL GREER

Just tell me how you planned to
getaway, sonny?

Watkins just stares. Greer speaks in a low angry rasp.

ADMIRAL GREER

That the way it is? You listen to me,
sonny. These are our wives you're
messing with, which means I ain't gonna
kill you, I'm gonna do something worse.

Greer lets the pistol trace a line down to Watkins' crotch.

ADMIRAL GREER

I'll make a girl outta you.

He pushes the muzzle against Watkins' zipper.

ADMIRAL GREER

Think fast, sonny.

WATKINS

Boats..., boats at the base of
the cliff.

RYAN

Get these people moving, Admiral. I'll keep them busy long enough for Gunny to get you people down to the beach.

Jack starts fiddling with the fuse box.

GUNNY

They must be coming in with night-vision gear, Jack.

RYAN

I know -- pull the fuses, all except the living room -- and my office.

CUT TO:

NIGHT-VISION POV - EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE

The soupy-green miracle of night-vision. Our depth of field is distorted as we RUN UP THE LAWN toward the house, following two ULA TERRORISTS in front of us, both clutching Uzis, and wearing Nite-Finder goggles. Suddenly the Ryan's HOUSELIGHTS GO DARK. We run up to the front door--

INT. DINING ROOM

and barge inside the pitch black house - a glowing soupy green. MILLER leads FIVE ULA TERRORISTS inside. Uzi's ready. But everybody's gone. Miller is dumbfounded.

MILLER

Find them!

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE

Ryan hustles into his office. Flips off the light switch. Turns on the desk lamp. He rumages his desk. Finds his HANDGUN - Berreta 92F automatic. Loads the clip. HEARS approaching footsteps. Ryan grabs the TV REMOTE CONTROL. Turns off the desk lamp.

NIGHT-VISION POV:

as TWO TERRORISTS stalk into Ryan's office, submachine guns held ready, as they carefully sweep the room.

RYAN

hides behind the window curtain. He peeks out a sliver in the curtain. Barely sees the stalking killers. Ryan holds the pistol in one hand. His TV REMOTE CONTROL in the other.

BOTH TERRORISTS

probe deeper into the room. The short one stares at the curtain. We glimpse his night-vision POV - picking up a shape behind the curtain - when suddenly the TV SNAPS ON. Both terrorists SPIN AROUND TOWARD THE TV.

RYAN

fires six rounds. Both terrorists drop - instant brain death. Ryan grabs an Uzi. Extra clip. Runs out his office's rear door.

MILLER

bursts into the room. Finding the bodies, he curses in stunned amazement.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE

A TERRORIST waits anxiously by the cliff, silhouetted against the stormy Chesapeake. A pair of slain DPS AGENTS in bloody Brooks Brother's suits at his feet. Booming THUNDER turns his head - just enough - as

GUNNY

pounces into frame, sweeping the terrorist's legs out from under him, and finishing him off with the deadly efficiency of a United States Marine. The BOLT OF LIGHTENING reveals

ADMIRAL GREER

hurrying the others along the muddy cliff, treacherous in the pouring rain. They reach Gunny, who collects the dead terrorist's Uzi. The others gasp at the dead bodies. Greer pulls Watkins' close.

ADMIRAL GREER

Show me the way down, sonny.

WATKINS

Right there.

He points to a KNAPSACK left in the mud. Gunny empties out the pack. Sorts through the soft oval cases - SKY GENIES - 7" x 5" x 2" inches each. Gunny has no idea what they are.

LORD HOLMES

Of course, Sky-Genies, our chaps always keep them nearby in case we're ever trapped in a skyscraper during a fire.

Admiral Greer nods, grabbing one, pulling out the rubber coated grappling hook attached to the long steel cord.

ADMIRAL GREER

There's always one of these within fifteen feet of the President whenever he's above the second floor.

GUNNY

Let's move, people.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT

The chopper buffets through wind and rain. Lightening reveals the treetops briefly. Then nothing. The PILOT's instruments are turned up full white.

PILOT

We're about five minutes out, can't do any better in this storm.

The LONG-RIFLEMAN and his SPOTTER are closest to the door. The OTHERS sit ready with MP-5 submachine guns.

LONG-RIFLEMAN

Any contact?

SHAW

They're still off the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED PERIMETER

Rain is pouring in sheets now. LIGHTENING CRACKS, illuminating TWO DEAD DPS AGENTS heaped on the grass. KEVIN kicks them to be sure. Then turns to BRIGITTE.

KEVIN

Let Sean kill his Ryans, and let's get the Royals down to the boats.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

TWO TERRORISTS stand nervously, Uzi's ready, wearing their "Nite-Finder" goggles, carefully scanning the room.

ULA TERRORIST

Did we go through all this just him to watch him screw up again?

INT. KITCHEN

RYAN stands at the living room door. He opens it a crack. Takes a peek -- his hand finding the wall LIGHT SWITCH.

NIGHT-VISION - LIVING ROOM - TERRORIST POV:.

They look around the room. Stare up at the hallway balcony, where another terrorist prowls into an upstairs bedroom. Then stares up at the CHANDELIER hanging from the ceiling --

-- which suddenly TURNS ON - amplified 1000X - unbelievable brightness BLINDING US in infra-red overload!

BOTH TERRORISTS

rip off their Nite-Finder goggles. Their eyes momentarily wasted, unable to see anything.

RYAN

throws open the kitchen door, SUBMACHINE GUN BLAZING as he runs through the room, firing in quick burps. Both terrorists buckle forward in death.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF EDGE

Turning toward the house, Gunny HEARS THE GUNFIRE, then nothing. Cathy turns to him in fear. *Is Jack okay?*

GUNNY

Jack's gonna catch up with us.
Let's shag it, people!

GUNNY links his grappling hook around a tree trunk, then steps back with the OTHERS - all stepping both legs into their nylon "harness seats" - which resemble jockey shorts without most of the material. Watkins looks as if to say "where's mine?" Gunny grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

GUNNY

You're with me, skinny.

Watkins is manhandled in front of Gunny, who shines a carnivorous grin, as he readies to carry him down himself.

GUNNY

Anything cute, I'll snap your chicken neck like a twig, you reading my signal?

Watkins nods emphatically, as Gunny steps back over the

CLIFF FACE

and begins his descent. The steel cord uncoils steadily, allowing a controlled descent, as he "walks" down the crumbling sandstone face. A flash of lightening reveals

TWO BOATS

about 100 yards north. No sign of any terrorists. Gunny looks up, sees the OTHERS beginning their descent.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

KEVIN & BRIGITTE hustle through the front door - stopping short at the sight of this carnage.

KEVIN

What the bloody hell? Miller!

Miller rips off his goggles, ignoring Kevin, as he runs right past them, and bounds up the stairs - where he HEARS a BEDROOM DOOR SLAM. Miller charges down the

HALLWAY

and cautiously slows up. Which room? Each door is shut. He suddenly HEARS ANOTHER NOISE. Miller snaps back the bolt on his Uzi.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

It's high tide. Big surf crashes close to the base of the cliff. Gunny steps out of the Sky-Genie harness, and grabs Watkins by the hair, wrenching his head around.

GUNNY

Hold up, skinny -- and what's this greasy shit you got in your hair?

The OTHERS lower down, step out their harnesses, and gather around quietly. The distant boats are nearly invisible in the rain and shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM

Miller CRASHES INSIDE. Finds nobody. HEARS something in the closet. Something moving. He FIRES A BURST at the closet door. Wood splinters in his face. Pulls open the closet. Looks down. Finds a battery-operated TEDDY BEAR somebody has left turned-on.

MILLER ..

Shit!

Then Miller notices the WINDOW IS OPEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE

Ryan slings his Uzi. He grabs the "used" Sky-Genie - hooked to a tree trunk - and takes a grip on the nylon cord. He steps backward off the cliff, trying to repel down.

CLIFF FACE

Falling faster than he expected, Ryan's palms burn as he squeezes harder, trying to slow his descent. He spins on the rope, banging against the crumbling sandstone.

SHORELINE

Ryan jumps the final five feet. Cathy rushes to his side, but Ryan has no time for reunions.

CATHY

I thought you were--

RYAN

--Easy, Cath, it's not over yet.

Admiral Greer points out the waiting boats.

ADMIRAL GREER

Two speedboats, 100 yards due south.

Ryan grabs Watkins from Gunny. Shoves the Uzi muzzle pressed against the frail Englishman's adam's apple.

RYAN

How many men guarding the boats?

WATKINS

Just one.

GUNNY

Let me take the point, Jack.

RYAN

I need you glued to Lord Holmes, Gunny. If they get him, we've lost.

GUNNY

Roger that, Lieutenant.

Ryan smiles at Gunny -- then shoves Watkins forward. Keeping close to the cliff, they trudge through the wet sand and crashing surf. A BOLT OF LIGHTENING reveals

TWO BOATS

fiberglass speedboats. Chrysler 450 horsepower engines. Canvas tarp roofs protect from the rain. A ULA TERRORIST in each, the return of darkness rendering them invisible.

RYAN

yanks Watkins close, angry he lied.

RYAN

You said just one. What's the password?

Watkins hesitates before answering, his voice unsteady.

WATKINS

There isn't one.

Not sure he believes him, Ryan shoves Watkins forward. The boat is barely visible 50 YARDS off. They keep moving. Jack unscrews the silencer from his Uzi. Only 40 YARDS now. He finds the stock release. Extends the buttplate into his armpit. Just 30 YARDS. Now he clearly sees

THE BOATS

where a MAN stands in the near craft, looking straight at the people approaching him.

RYAN'S

thumb pushes the Uzi selector switch forward to full auto. 20 yards now. Ryan drops to one knee. FIRES A BURST.

NEAR BOAT - MAN

A diagonal line spurts across the man's chest, who drops instantly out of sight.

WATKINS

slams a rock against Ryan's head. He goes down. Ryan recovers quickly, looking up to find Watkins RUNNING for the near boat, shouting something we can't make out.

Jack sprints after him, nearly catching up, when the man in the far boat FIRES a long, wild burst - KILLING WATKINS just as is leaping aboard. His head snaps back, dropping hard.

Ryan kneels at the gunnel, FIRING his own burst, the second man tumbling backward into the surf. Lightening flashes, revealing the 1st terrorist Ryan shot - dead - his eyes and mouth agape in surprise. Watkins dead beside him.

CLIFF TOP

Miller reaches the cliff's edge. Finds the empty commando pack and the "used" Sky-Genies.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Close on Ryan -- as he coaxes the cold engine to turn over. BULLETS start pinging the water. Hits rip through the canvas top. The engine finally catches, running unevenly, as he backs the craft away.

CLIFF TOP

Miller stands FIRING HIS UZI. Kevin hurries beside him, grabbing the gun, swinging it upward.

KEVIN

No, Sean -- we need Holmes alive!

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Close on Ryan -- as he cranks the wheel around, shifts into drive, and rams the throttle forward. The engine coughs, nearly dying, before catching. Suddenly the boat surges forward, bouncing fullspeed over the whitecaps.

CLIFF

Miller slings his Uzi, grabs the rope of "used" Sky-Genie, and REPELLS DOWN THE 75-FOOT-CLIFF. He gracefully bounces his way down, chunks of sandstone breaking away as his combat boots push off against the cliff face.

BEACH

He hits the sand running. The others repel down behind him, dropping into the sand. Clutching their Uzis, they trudge through the surf, hurrying for the speedboat.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

Miller is the first aboard. Starting the engines, he screams back at the others to hurry aboard. Brigitte pauses at the gunnel, staring curiously up the dark shoreline.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Ryan looks back at the mainland. For the first time we realize JACK IS ALL ALONE -- the others left behind.

BEACH . .

We find the OTHERS hidden up the dark beach. Lying behind a pile of rotting driftwood, the surf splashing over them. Gunny raises his head just enough to see

BRIGITTE

looking directly at him -- still not sure what she sees. Kevin turns around, stares at her.

KEVIN

Brigitte? What is it?

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Jack is praying this ruse works.

RYAN

C'mon, you sonofabitch -- here I am, come and get me!

MILLER

screams back at Brigitte - who is having thoughts of heading up the beach to investigate.

MILLER

Dammit, O'Donnell - get your female moving!

BRIGITTE

--Probably nothing.

Kevin pulls Brigitte aboard, as Miller guns the throttle, sending the boat bouncing hard over the incoming surf.

BEACH

The houseguests sigh a breath of relief - all except Cathy, who worriedly turns to Admiral Greer. Seeing her fear, he looks out at the stormy Chesapeake.

ADMIRAL GREER

Nobody knows these waters like Jack.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

rages into the stormy darkness, falling and rising in the big swells. Rain stinging his eyes, Ryan looks back, his mouth curling into a tight grin.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

is banging over the whitecaps. Engine revving so high we hear nothing else. Holding the wheel, Miller's eyes are riveted to the vague outline of Ryan's boat in the distance.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Ryan checks his Uzi. Ejects the clip. It's empty. He throws it down. His eyes scan the horizon, searching for something out there in the darkness.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

The terrorists slap fresh clips into their Uzis. Kevin & Brigitte prepare themselves for this final assault.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Keying upon something in the distance, Ryan adjusts the throttle. He DECREASES HIS SPEED to three quarters full. Looks back at the ULA -- gaining fast.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

A CRACK OF LIGHTENING illuminates the bay for an instant - revealing RYAN STANDING ALONE at the helm of his speedboat. Nobody else. Kevin sees it - his mouth opening in surprise.

KEVIN

It's empty - he's bloody alone in that boat!

Miller's eyes tighten with fury.

KEVIN

Turn it around, Ryan's leading us away from Lord Holmes!

But Miller refuses to turn the wheel.

KEVIN

I said turn it the hell around!

BRIGITTE

Forget Lord Holmes. God knows where they've hidden themselves by now. We have to get ourselves away from here!

KEVIN TRIES TO WRESTLE THE WHEEL AWAY, but Miller spins him off. Kevin slams a brutal doublefist across Miller's neck, which drops him against the dash. The ULA leader throws Miller aside, and takes the wheel himself.

KEVIN

Keep him bloody still!

Brigitte trains her Uzi on Miller, as KEVIN TURNS THE WHEEL around -- momentarily THROWING HER OFF-BALANCE, just enough for MILLER TO GRAB THE UZI beside him -- and OPEN FIRE!

She flops backward in a ghastly tangle. Sean sprays another burst across Kevin's back. He collapses against the wheel. Miller rolls him over -- their eyes locking one last time.

The dying Kevin tries to say something. But Miller doesn't want to hear it. HE HEAVES KEVIN OVER THE SIDE, brings the wheel hard around, and continues chasing after Ryan.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Seeing Miller circle back around, and resume chasing him again, Jack drops the throttle yet another notch.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

bangs over the swells. Beginning to close within range, Miller steadies the snout of his Uzi on the windshield, and OPENS FIRE on Ryan.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

Gunfire peppers the craft around Ryan, shreading the canvas roof to ribbons. Ryan ducks down low, holding the wheel, keeping course on something in the distance. The engine takes a hit. Ryan drops the throttle just a little more.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

is closing fast. Miller empties a clip. Slaps in another.

RYAN'S SPEEDBOAT

starts belching greasy black smoke. With a look back at his pursuer, Ryan ties off the wheel to a gunnel hook.

MILLER'S SPEEDBOAT

closes in. Gets closer still. When suddenly another crack of lightening illuminates the horizon -- revealing a REEF OF JAGGED ROCKS dead ahead! Tight on Miller's face as he sees-

MILLER

You haven't got the belly for it,
have you, Ryan?

Suddenly an FBI HELICOPTER is approaching from the shore,
it's bright halogen searchlight tracking toward them. Ryan
looks up at his rescue, then back down at Miller.

RYAN

We do it here in America with
courts and laws.

The helicopter SPOTLIGHT FINDS THEM, the chopper circling
around overhead.

MILLER

Words? Is that what you're going
to kill me with, Ryan? Bloody words?

Saturated in the blinding halogen beam, Ryan yanks Miller
close, within inches of his face, and hisses his reply.

RYAN

No -- the words only come first --
then the State of Maryland is going
to strap you into an electric chair
and fry your ass to a cinder.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - DAY .

Chesapeake sunshine. Ryan's SAAB TURBO parks. SALLY is
finally coming home from the hospital. Mom and Dad get out
first. Jack lifts his daughter out of the car. Sally wraps
her arms around his neck, as he CARRIES HER TO THE HOUSE.

SALLY

Where's my surprise, Daddy?

RYAN

Surprise, I don't remember any surprise?

Sally gives him an accusing look.

SALLY

Daddy!

FRONT PORCH

Ryan gently puts down his daughter, who is still weak, not
quite her old self. But the sound of BARKING perks up her
ears, as Cathy opens the front door.

INT. HOUSE

GUNNY stands inside, grinning wide, holding the leash to an adorable BLACK LABRADOR PUPPY. Sally yelps!

GUNNY

Welcome home, Hot Lips. You know of any faces that need a good puppy licking?

The puppy needs a single look to know to whom she belongs. He scampers to Sally, mostly sideways, his tail gyrating wildly. Sally grabs him, the puppy licking her face.

SALLY

Oh, Daddy, I love her, she's so cute, can I keep her, is she really mine?

Cathy holds her husband, heartwarmed to see their daughter finally smiling again.

RYAN

She's all yours, sweetie.

SALLY

Does this mean I don't have to get a baby brother anymore?

Ryan laughs, rubbing his wife's pregnant belly, his life finally back to normal - he and Cathy both staring at their daughter playing with her new puppy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PEREGRINE CLIFF - SUNSET

JACK RYAN stands alone on the cliff, solemnly watching the setting sun extinguish itself in the Chesapeake Bay -- we begin pulling away, leaving him to ponder his future, as we

FADE TO BLACK